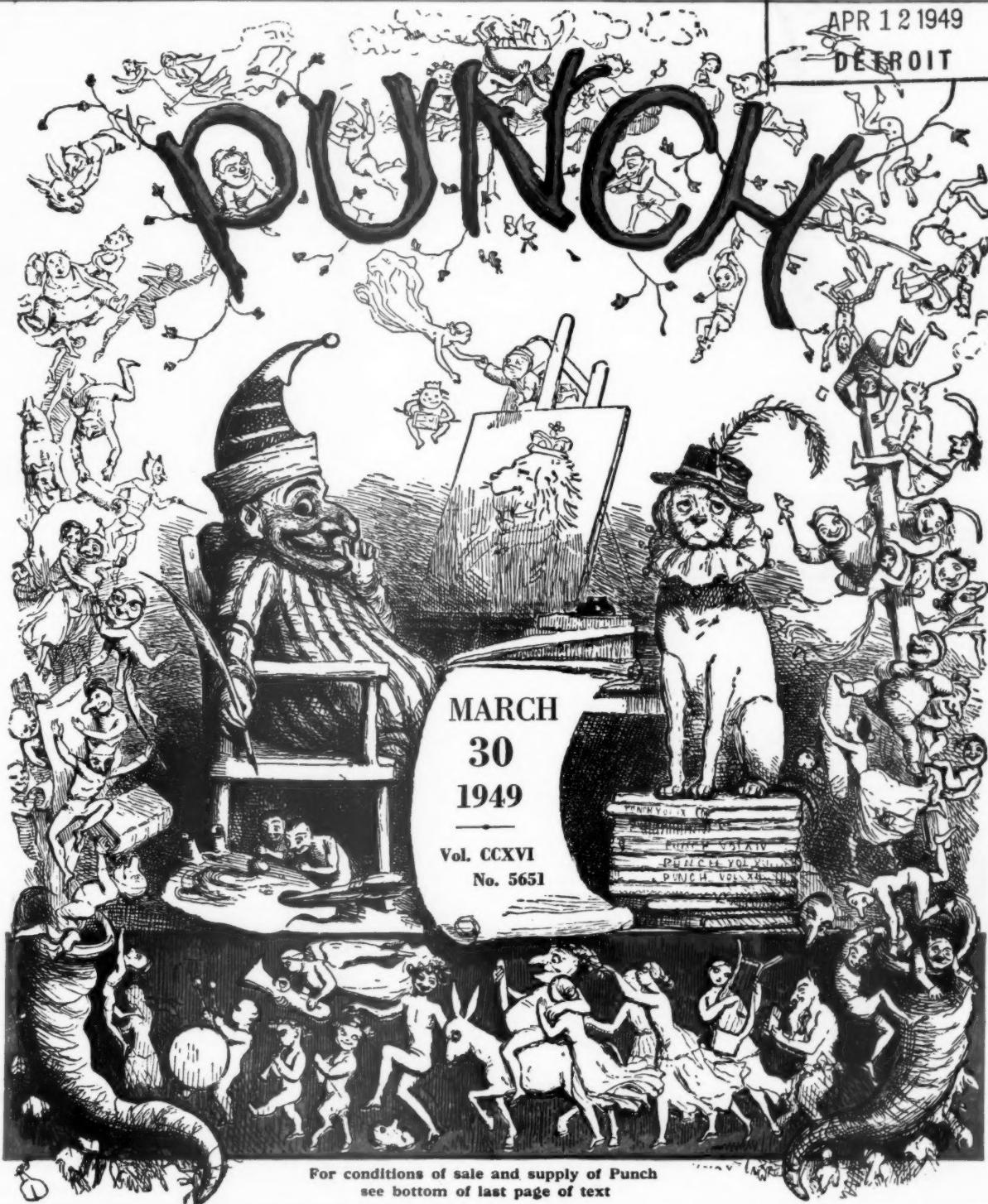


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STAND PRE-EMINENT

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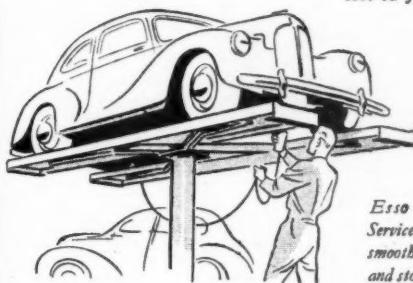
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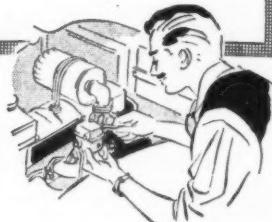
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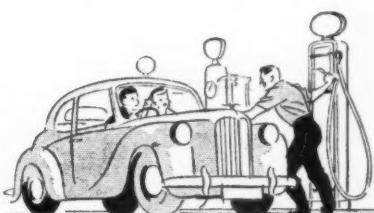
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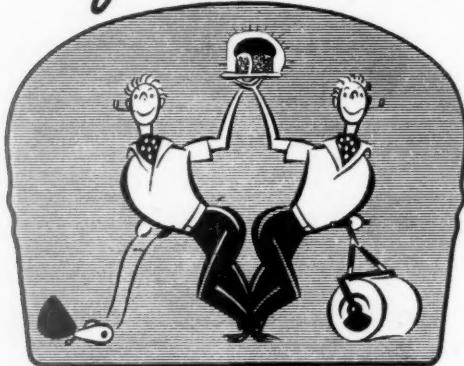
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RECIPE FOR ASPIC JELLY.

1 pint water	1 tablespoonful sherry
1 bay leaf	3 level teasp. Lemco Consommé
6 peppercorns	1 stick celery (if available)
Blade of mace	2 strips lemon rind
½ teaspoonful salt	2 cloves
1 tablespoon vinegar	2 level dessertsp. powdered gelatine
(tarragon if possible)	

Put water, celery, salt and all dry flavourings into a small covered pan. Bring slowly to the boil and simmer for 15 minutes. Remove from the heat and allow to stand with the lid on a further 15 minutes. Sprinkle in the gelatine, add the Lemco Consommé & stir until both are dissolved. Lastly, add the vinegar and sherry. Strain through double muslin for use.



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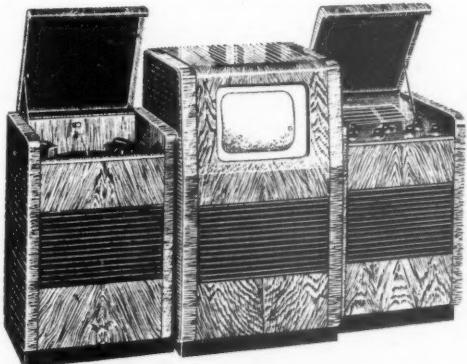
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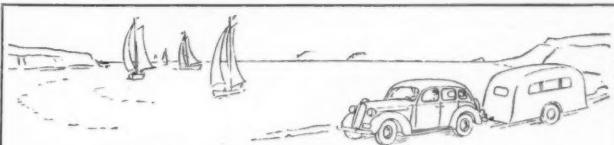
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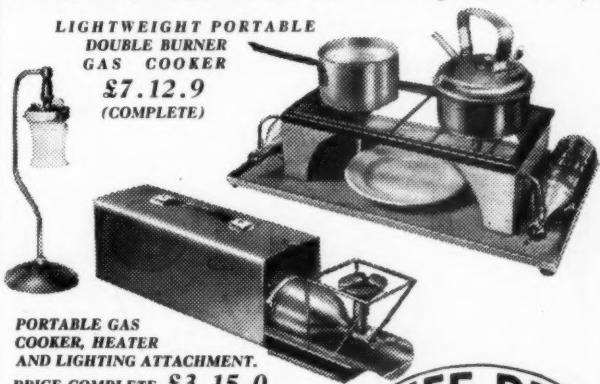
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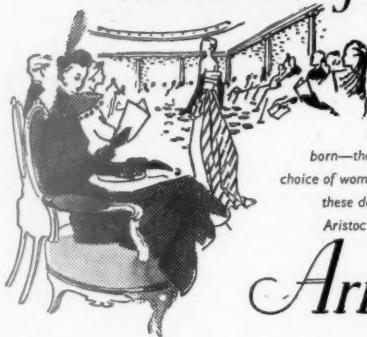
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Where the spotlight is on elegance and where fashions are born—there you will find Aristoc, always the choice of women who dress perfectly. And in these days of scarcity, each pair of Aristoc is something to treasure.

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We all know that when we are ill we feel weak, lose weight and often have no appetite. The reason, doctors say, is that we are actually living on our own flesh and muscles. Our body is breaking them down and living on the protein stored in them.

We can only stop this by taking in more protein, which we need so badly for body repair. This must come from our food and chiefly from meat. One meat preparation, among those recommended for invalids, has a spectacular record in reviving strength after illness. This is Brand's Essence of Meat.

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You get real meat protein from Brand's Essence—it's the meat invalids need in the form they can take.

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(OF MEAT)

supplies protein — revives strength



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HAVE TESTED CREASE-RESISTANCE

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Pyjama News for the Spring
In fresh, superfine Egyptian
cambrics, crisply
trimmed with a narrow
white piping. The long
jacket has a double yoke
and inverted back pleat.
You can see for yourself
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collar, patch pockets and
neat tie belt. Made in
various soft pastel shades,
and designed on the
famous Kayser Bondor
sizing principle.

Small sizes—59/-
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Also in other materials.

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—TAILORED WITH YOU IN MIND—



Figaro' Bounder
PAT. NO. 549812

Swing into sunnier days with heart-warming colour! That is the theme song of this good-looking Bounder. Choose from Biscuit calf and Nigger Hunting calf with Biscuit calf trim.

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READY FOR COOKING
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AND DELIVERY TO
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* 20%
45%



The price of smoke... 2,000,000 tons of soot deposited annually.



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Efficiencies of Coke-burning Appliances.

Appliance	Services provided	Efficiency
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Open Fire with back boiler	Space heating and hot water for domestic use	45% - 50%
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APPROVED COKE-BURNING APPLIANCES HANDBOOK

An abridged and completely revised edition of this handbook has been issued in loose leaf form in a substantial binder, fully illustrated and with installation drawings. Price £2 2s. 0d.

"Commerce Weekly."

The National Federation of Gas Coke Associations, 1 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1

I BELIEVE HE LOVES HIS MURRAY'S MORE THAN HER!



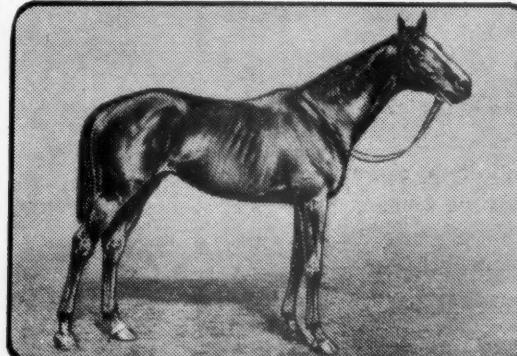
And why not? Men who smoke Murray's Mellow Mixture wouldn't give it up for love or money! It's a grand tobacco of medium strength — the strength most men prefer. It's cool and fragrant, with a flavour all its own. Burns slowly and evenly, and therefore lasts longer. That is very important these days!

MURRAY'S MELLOW MIXTURE

4½ d. an ounce

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NORTHERN IRELAND where good tobaccos
have been skilfully blended for over 130 years

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Bred and owned by the Duke of Westminster, Flying Fox carried the famous black and yellow colours to victory in three races as a two-year-old. In 1899, he won the 2,000 Guineas, Derby, Princess of Wales Stakes, Eclipse Stakes, St. Leger and Jockey Club Stakes, bringing his prize money up to £40,096. The last of seven Derby winners to be trained by John Porter, he virtually ran two races on Derby Day. There were five false starts, and each time Flying Fox went two or three furlongs before he could be pulled up.

This series is presented by the House of Cope as a tribute to the fine traditions of the Turf. During 54 years of service to sportsmen, David Cope, Ltd., have jealously guarded those traditions. May we send you a copy of our illustrated brochure?

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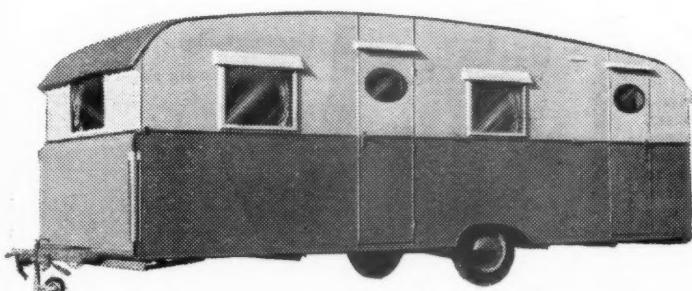
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Standard Model £795 De Luxe Model £895

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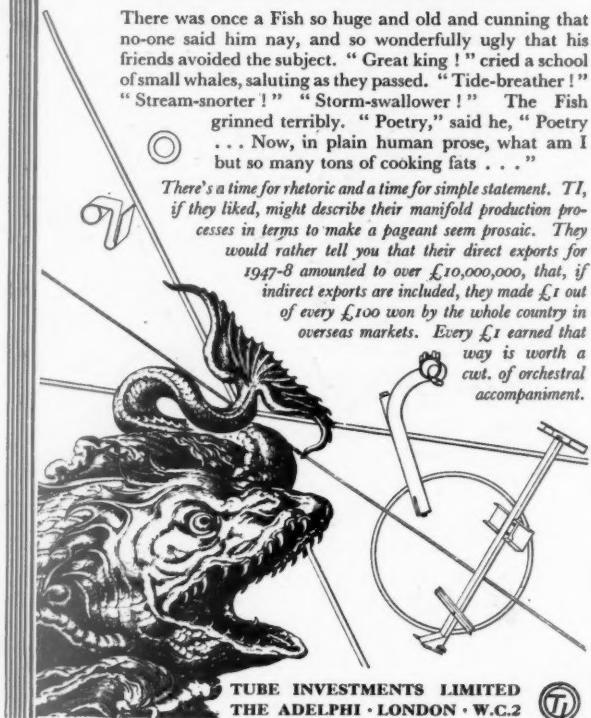
for gracious living !

The 'Ambassador' is a delightful, fully-furnished home on wheels ! The strong yet lightweight body is thermally insulated and exceptionally weatherproof. Inside, the big lounge divides into two double bedrooms (one with concealed pull-down bed which may be kept made up). Cooking is no problem in the house-planned kitchen with its full-size gas cooker. The toilet room is acoustically insulated and, in the de luxe model, has a hot shower. The 'Ambassador' offers, in fact, all major comforts and many little luxuries to make life pleasant and housekeeping easy.

**The fable
of the fish and the facts**

There was once a Fish so huge and old and cunning that no-one said him nay, and so wonderfully ugly that his friends avoided the subject. "Great king!" cried a school of small whales, saluting as they passed. "Tide-breather!" "Stream-snorter!" "Storm-swallower!" The Fish grinned terribly. "Poetry," said he, "Poetry . . . Now, in plain human prose, what am I but so many tons of cooking fats . . ."

There's a time for rhetoric and a time for simple statement. TI, if they liked, might describe their manifold production processes in terms to make a pageant seem prosaic. They would rather tell you that their direct exports for 1947-8 amounted to over £10,000,000, that, if indirect exports are included, they made £1 out of every £100 won by the whole country in overseas markets. Every £1 earned that way is worth a cut. of orchestral accompaniment.



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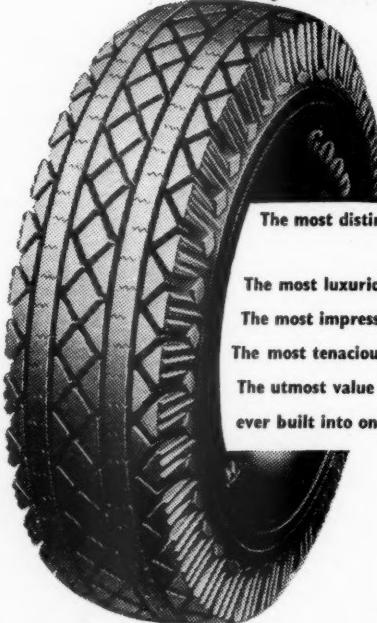


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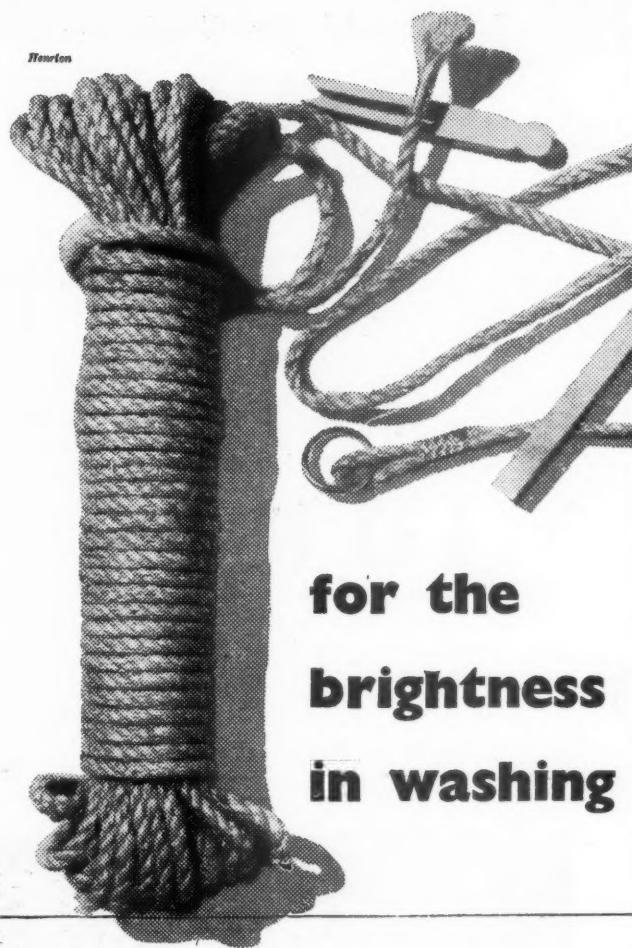
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You can trust
GOOD YEAR

THE LONG-LIFE HARDEST-WEARING TYRE

Newton



for the
brightness
in washing

Among the many materials Shell Chemicals have developed from petroleum are the new detergents. Used extensively in factories, ships, hospitals, public buildings and laundries, these versatile products also form the 'active element' in a great number of the best washing agents available today. For longer life, a softer 'feel' and a lighter, brighter weekly wash, you can

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Full details and technical information are readily available to those who care to

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ON THE WAY UP

More factories, more blocks of flats, more public buildings. A heartening sight. Yes, Britain is on the way up and we are helping the good work on. Steel construction—is part of our job, and what a skilled job it is. That is why we use only our own trained, highly skilled staff for every section of the work—design, fabrication, erection.

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Punch, March 30 1949



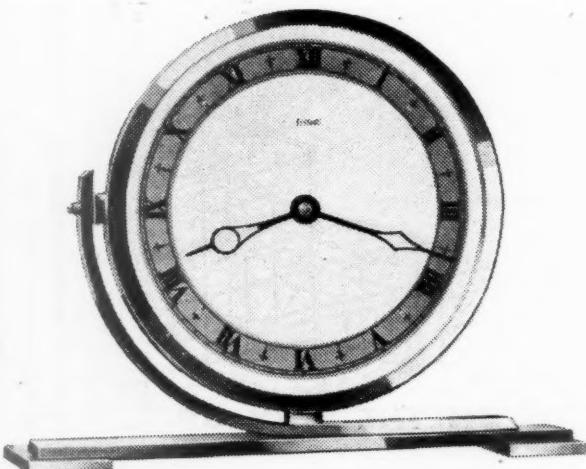
He's touchy, liverish, "misunderstood."

He needs a course of Benger's Food

When your digestion is out of order, practise what is known as Rest-Therapy — rest your digestion for a while and take a course of Benger's Food at night. "Bengers" is rich nourishment, pre-digested. It soon soothes and strengthens the digestion back to normal.

Keep a tin of **BENGER'S** in the house.
From 2/- a tin at all Chemists and Grocers.

"Bengers" is a regd. trade mark of Benger's Ltd., Holmes Chapel, Cheshire
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Clockwise?

Are you wise to the ways of clocks, keen-eyed to see their finer points? If so, we recommend this one, Model No. 115, to you from the wide range of Ferranti electric clocks. Its design is simple, modern, effective; it's chromium-plated with a cream and silver face. And, like all Ferranti clocks, it's efficient. Recent price reductions make these fine clocks better value than ever before. Write for list C.18.

Ferranti Ltd

MOSTON MANCHESTER 10; &
36 KINGSWAY LONDON WC2



WHO DRANK THE LEMON SQUASH?

I did, said the Gardener

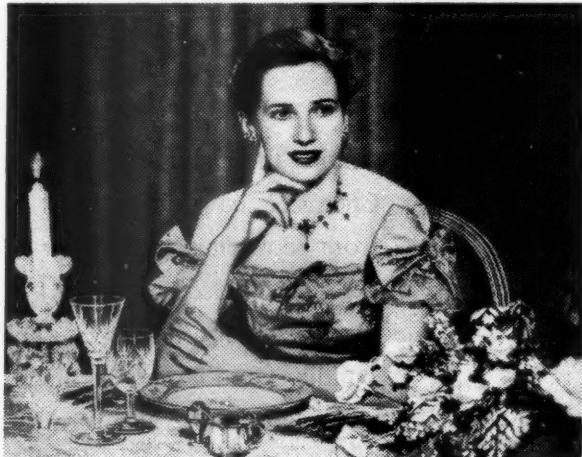


**I can't dig
without my allotment of**

IDRIS
The Quality Soft Drink



SQUASHES 3/- PER BOTTLE



"So this is love!"

OF COURSE, George loves me. But sometimes it's hard to believe. For instance, when he 'phones from the office that he's bringing business friends home to dinner. What to

do? I rely on Batchelors foods to make the meal big enough. Batchelors soup, rich and satisfying! Delicious Batchelors peas with the meat! Often, too-luscious Batchelors fruit!"

Food News from Batchelors Bee



With so little meat for meals, serve delicious Batchelors Peas as often as you can — they are rich in body-building protein!

Batchelors
WONDERFUL Foods

English Canned Soups
Vegetables • Fruits



PUNCH

OR

The London Charivari



Vol. CCXVI No. 5651

March 30 1949

Charivaria

We are assured that there will be no Budget leakages this year. This will enable everybody to remain cheerful right up to the last minute.

Large stores report that a lot of scissors have been left on their hands since clothing coupons came to an end. The only hope appears to be a bulk sale to butchers for snipping off the ration.

In this connection, a cheerful housewife says that at least there will be no rind on her week-end rasher of beef.

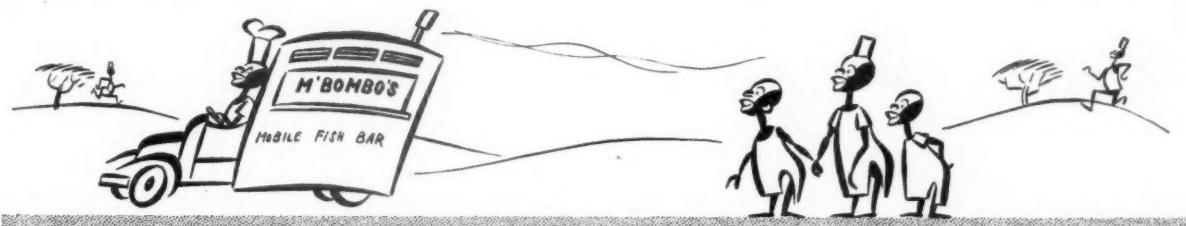


The curate of a Devon fishing village is asking for gifts of cricket gear. One resident has already suggested it might be worth his while to have a look round the belfry.

Near Miss
"Neither seems bothered that the baby did not turn out to be a girl, as my wife half expected."
N.Z. weekly.

Some baby sitters employ baby sitters, to free them for their job. The latter get the same fees but there's no television.

Car manufacturers could increase their supply to the home market if they had more steel. The public, on the other hand, could increase their demand if they had more brass.



"The predominant aim of the modern woman is security for a long period ahead," says a writer. Hence the dearth of feminine candidates at recent by-elections.

"Nowhere is it more vital—or more impossible—to take an objective view of the scene and of the issues. Let us try."

Daily paper.

Just killing time?

A new food yeast produces fifty times its own weight in protein in twenty-four hours. An expert thinks this bids fair to catch up with population figures.



"Escaping retribution he takes refuge with clinic worker Joan Fontaine, who saves him."

Film notice in "What's On."

Rubbish!

"The old-fashioned butler was absolutely trustworthy," says a correspondent. He just wasn't built to stoop to anything low.

"Slow hot tears slid from under her lids and over her temples. Despairingly she turned her face into the pillow."

Serial story in woman's weekly.

Still upside down?

On behalf of his tribe an African chief has ordered a Lancashire-made fish-and-chip range. Tom-toms have spread the scent far and wide.



In August, Go I Must.

HEARING a while ago that hotels and boarding houses were in a bad way, owing to the Catering Wages Act, the high cost of linen, the widespread shortage of money and kindred matters, I wrote to a place on the coast of Cornwall in the following terms:

I am prepared to bring a party of four to your hotel for the first fortnight in August, provided the terms you offer are sufficiently attractive. We might even stay for three weeks, to help you out, on the basis of a substantial run-down pro rata for quantity.

Please avoid the use of the phrase "Tariff enclosed" in your reply. I want a firm figure.

Pro rata in this context should not be understood to bear any meaning beyond that which can most conveniently be assigned to it.

The manager of the hotel, in a reply which showed little realization of the true position, offered accommodation from mid-October and enclosed his Tariff. I picture him as a man in late middle age, upright and a good chapel-goer, but of narrowly sectarian views and a victim of the awful sin of Pride. He would rather sell every stick of furniture in the lounge than abate one farthing of his monstrous charges. He would talk loudly of his Rights, among which he would unhesitatingly include 5s. per day for Garage. It is a waste of time to try to help people of his stamp.

I wrote, therefore, to a comfortable family hotel nearby, said to face south and to offer an abundance of fresh garden produce to visitors:

I pay seven guineas a week for adults and four guineas for children under the age of twelve. We shall arrive, with our own soap, on August 5th and stay for two or three weeks, on the understanding that you face south and offer something else besides an abundance of garden produce of which, as a family, we soon tire.

The reply from this hotel, notwithstanding the inclusion of a photograph of the Sun Lounge (with Cocktail Bar) for which I had not asked, convinced me that plain speaking was absolutely necessary if one was to break through the hard crust of resistance of these stiff-necked *hôteliers*:

The high cost of linen (I wrote to an hotel commanding wide views of the Atlantic), coupled with the provisions of the Catering Wages Act, has exacerbated the difficulties of the

hotel industry almost to bankruptcy point. Mounting costs can no longer be met by increased tariffs, for the widespread shortage of money, which has now reached the above address, has compelled the holiday-going public to stay at home rather than while away the hours in hotel writing rooms (however well appointed) on money borrowed from the bank. Bookings have fallen off drastically, for want of a better word, and thousands of hotel-keepers face ruin, as the enclosed cuttings show, unless something is done to help them.

I am prepared to do something for you. I am prepared to come and enjoy your ample cuisine and uninterrupted view of the bay for several weeks in August, on terms to be mutually agreed between us, and I will bring my own linen. Think carefully over what I have said before writing to offer me a corner of your sun lounge in October. Surely it is time to drop this elaborate pretence that you are full up at twelve guineas a week for the whole of the holiday period, when everybody knows that financial stringency is staring you in the face.

It will be a waste of time to send me your illustrated brochure. Photographs of fully equipped Sports Rooms are a drug on the market here.

A letter from this hotel pointing out that the climate was unusually equable in November, a time of year when many people were finding a period of relaxation beneficial after the strain of the holiday season, enraged me to such an extent that I sent off by return of post to another hotel a note which made no reference whatever to the proprietor's difficulties. Sympathy is thrown away on these people. I simply told this man that I wanted accommodation for four in August, that we never travelled without our own soap, linen and towels, could bring cutlery if required, did not mind facing north during the hours of darkness, and would not have dreamed of troubling him at such an inconvenient time but for the fact that the children were already booked up from the middle of September until the third week in December. They would have more free time, I added, by 1958, when their education should be completed, and I asked for a provisional reservation for us all in November of that year. I thought this would weigh with him.

I think it did. Otherwise I don't see why, when sending his Winter Tariff and a photograph of his fourteen lock-up garages, he should have added a gratuitous warning that dogs were in no circumstances allowed in the hotel rooms. It is the only gratuity I have ever had from an hotel-keeper.

H. F. E.

More Leisure

CONTINUING our survey of some of the activities that constitute leisure we come quite arbitrarily to violin-playing and going out to tea. The first needs no more than the smallest mention, because, as far as is known, people simply do not play violins for leisure, I mean not in the way they bang pianos about, and I only brought it in as an indirect tribute to violin-players' amazing doggedness in being content with nothing less than the note they are aiming at. Going out to tea is a much less theoretical and more leisurely form of leisure, if you don't count the preliminary beavering that neither the home nor the away team credits to the other side. It is an interesting fact, which I mention in passing, that

human nature has never quite cultivated the consideration or the egoism necessary to convince it that it is ever any trouble to its friends. From the visitors' point of view the trouble consists of getting to look tidy—a process in which members of a household tend to pass each other dartingly and often and to seek that mild compliment they know they will get by asking if they look all right—and of arriving; their rewards are someone else's home-made jam, tea-cups with little jaggedy handles and afterwards, on a fine evening in a garden, a pleasant mood which it is difficult to define but which is a bit complacent. It is a mood which may descend on visitors and visited alike, which is only fair when you think of the dozens of small



JONATHAN'S LEAP



"But I promised to send my Mum the first money I ever made."

jobs, from remembering to take the scissors off the mantelpiece to working out the size of the cake-slices with nothing to go on but intelligence, that fall to the home side.

A LOT has been said lately about painting as a leisure activity, but I want to concentrate on some rather different aspects of art. There are, for example, the little pictures my readers sometimes find themselves being asked to draw with crayons; small commissions for houses, pussy-cats, other members of the family, jam-jars, and so on. Everyone content to start with a cottage loaf can draw a cat in the certainty that it will come out as a picture of a cat; one of the main attributes of a drawn cat is its sunburst of whiskers, which not even an art critic can deny is at least founded on fact. An interesting thing about simple crayon houses is that they all belong to the same period, which may be defined as the period when roofs went up to a peak in the middle and windows were arranged round the door. Historians tell us that they do not know how people drew houses to order in the seventeenth century, or, for that matter, motor-cars. Jam-jars sometimes get drawn spontaneously because they are easy to recognize, calling for nothing cleverer than a looped top and bottom in the interests of perspective, and it is an axiom of the

jar-drawing world that if you add a label to one jam-jar you have started something.

Talking of loops, there are also the little scalloped flowers with long stalks ending in bunches of green scribbles; these make the most of the colour-range and are worth a word of encouragement because it is so difficult not to find yourself with half a petal over. With pictures of our relations and friends we come into another category of art, though not unless we leave the crayon-world—where likeness does not count so much as the right number of features—and branch off into that almost artistic department of art known as asking people to sit still while we draw their faces. The least successful result may show people that, as they suspected, other people can see what they look like, and it is significant that it is impossible for human nature to have its face drawn without feeling, however dimly, a cynosure.

ONE of the pursuits least pursued by my readers in their free time is that known as starting to write a novel. This is a surprising statement when we think how many people admit they have started to write them, but we must remember that a sheet of quarto paper qualifies people as starters and that this represents no more than a single

afternoon's work in years. However, it is a very significant activity denoting a climax of resolution, and I think we might give it a paragraph. Surprisingly little is known of how people set about novels, but statisticians think that many of them do a lot of spade-work like making a list of the names of the characters, with question-marks, or getting hold of some existing novels and seeing what other writers do about chapters, or writing a synopsis which needn't mean anything; but, busy as all this may seem to anyone coming in to see the right time, it is not what counts,

which is the definite setting-down of a sentence which is nothing less than how the novel is going to begin because it has not yet been crossed out. I am speaking of one extreme of novel-writing; the other, when whole books accumulate in people's spare time, will not be so familiar to my readers, but I think the starters among them will have a clue to the method when they remember how they have sometimes thought that if they had only kept it up to the extent of a page an evening they would have finished by now.

ANDE.

A Defence Against Demons

THERE are too many demons about in the modern world; and the difficulty is that the sufferer from demons rarely knows how to get rid of them. There is plenty of information to guide him in dealing with rheumatism, loss of memory, National Health Insurance and other current scourges; but not a scrap about demons. A great deal has been discovered about demons in the past, but most of this useful lore has been forgotten; and a lot of the established ways of combatting demons are difficult to apply at the present time.

Take, for example, the traditional Chinese methods. The Chinese have made an intensive study of demons for the past four thousand years, and it is, indeed, sometimes said that they invented them. They are the world's greatest exponents of the art of demon-disposal. Their studies have shown that demons travel most easily in straight lines when moving under their own power. Knowing this, the Chinese took to building their roofs with the bottom edges curled up, so that the demons, who are addicted to sliding down roofs, would be flung up in the air again before reaching the earth. This is an excellent defence against such demons as adopt the popular roof-sliding approach; it should be used here. Demon-upflinging devices could easily be made a standard feature of prefabricated houses. So far, however, the Ministries concerned have refused to modify their plans, trifling though the suggested changes are. They also refuse to consider fitting demon-upflingers to existing buildings. The grounds for their refusal are the scarcity of building materials and labour. Sometimes they give no grounds at all. It does not seem to be realized that industrial sickness and absenteeism could quickly be halved by freeing the land from the demons that approach it by its roof-tops.

The result of this short-sighted policy is that vast hordes of avoidable

demons roam about the land, their numbers increasing daily. Even now something could be done about it. We must look once again to the Chinese for guidance. Some demons get into China in spite of their enlightened building methods. How do they deal with them? The answer is of course the fire-cracker.

The fire-cracker is, unfortunately, a device for the redistribution rather than the redispersal of demons. The explosion of the fire-cracker causes the demons in the vicinity to flee; so far, so good. They flee in straight lines; and they hitch themselves on to the nearest Chinese who does not happen to be discharging fire-crackers at the time. Those who can afford the greatest number of the loudest fire-crackers transfer their demons to persons less fortunately situated. It is unjust. It is hardly in keeping with our democratic ways.

There are similar objections to the severed-chain method of dealing with demons. Demons attached to a moving object tend to follow the object about in a long string. Whether they hang on to each other by their hands or their tails is a question that has been disputed by generations of savants. It need not concern us here. The point is that the moving object, whether jeep or junk, has only to be manoeuvred so that it cuts across the bows of an approaching object. The string of demons is then cut off, and joins itself to the unlucky jeep or junk that has been outmanoeuvred. The operation is aided if a heavy discharge of fire-crackers is made at the crucial moment. The beating of gongs is also helpful. The suffering victim has to drag about a lengthened string of demons until it can transfer them to some handy approaching object in its turn. This lamentable procedure has probably been the cause of more unjust demon-transference and loss of junks in riverine China than any other agency.

With these facts in mind, how can we plan for a demon-free England? There are two aspects of the problem, demon-prevention and demon-dispersal. The first can only be achieved by persuading the authorities to fit demon-upflingers to new and existing houses. *Find out the views of your prospective M.P. on demon-prevention before you give him your support!*

As for demon-dispersal, this is a vital short-term problem. The Chinese themselves have failed to solve it. But why? There is nothing wrong with the fire-cracker; only the technique of using it is at fault. The Chinese technique repels the demons sideways; what is wanted is a method of repelling them upwards so that they shoot off in a straight line right out of the earth's atmosphere. If they attach themselves to anything it is to some other planet. This may be unfriendly to the other planets, but we have not gone so far along the road to universal brotherhood that we can afford to consider the feelings of the natives of Mars and Venus.

The remedy suggested is the marketing on a large scale of fire-crackers attached to asbestos or cast-iron foot-plates. The citizen troubled by demons would only have to place one of these devices on the pavement, light the fuse, and stand on it till it went off, when all his demons would be dispersed harmlessly into the upper air.

Fortunately the writer has been able to secure the agency for the distribution in the United Kingdom of fire-crackers manufactured by the long-established firm of Ho Hang Cheng of Ichang. As soon as the necessary import licences are granted we foresee the time when the gay crepitition of fire-crackers along our pavements will signalize the end of the present demon-ridden era.

To those other freedoms that the Englishman enjoys as his birthright a reasonable freedom from demons must and shall be added.

At the Pictures

The Queen of Spades—A Yankee in King Arthur's Court—The Bad Lord Byron

THOSE who know the original story by PUSHKIN seem to want to deal rather sternly with *The Queen of Spades* (Director: THOROLD DICKINSON); the flavour of a great work, it

his trivial pursuits round the edges of it. Happily (in my view) Mr. DICKINSON has here done nothing of the sort. The fantastic, stylized story of the avaricious soldier's plot to wrest the secret of winning at faro from an aged Countess who had in youth sold her soul to get it is a real film, made with considerable brilliance and not overweighted by its "strong" acting scenes. One remembers of course the power of these scenes (ANTON WALBROOK too has powerful moments); but there is much excellent playing in a lower key, and it is direction and camera-work that makes the crisp, well-designed, flowing pictorial sequences convey so vivid and interesting an impression of St. Petersburg in 1806.

About two-thirds of the way through the latest Bing Crosby riot, *A Yankee in King Arthur's Court* (Director: TAY GARNETT), we come to one of those scenes in which three characters prance along the open road singing a factiously lively song: a scene reminiscent partly of similar scenes, and tunes, in Disney works (*e.g.*, *Pinocchio*) and partly of the sort of thing you will find in the score of a typical musical comedy under some such sub-heading as "*Trio (King, Hank and Sassy)*."

MARK TWAIN's story, in fact, has been decked out with Technicolor and Disney-like and musical-comedy trappings and emerges as something of a children's picture. Children probably will not be irritated (except as they would be irritated by a mechanical breakdown, merely because of the delay) by the passages one must, for want of a better word, describe as serious: such occasions as when the Yankee with a generous fire tells King Arthur to have more consideration for the misery of his humble subjects. Such moments, and the soulful love-duets, don't fit in with the painstaking absurdity



[*The Queen of Spades*]

DOWAGER QUEEN

Countess Ranevskaya EDITH EVANS

seems, is not adequately conveyed. I am ignorant of the original and the picture struck me as pretty good: the performance of EDITH EVANS in her first film is very striking, and I don't agree with those who suggest that the direction and general handling of the picture are not worthy of it. I suspect that according to this school of thought a passage of first-rate dramatic acting always is and necessarily must be a nobler and greater thing than any work conceived and produced—however well—purely as a film; the implication being that the grateful director ought to take it over whole, humbly regarding his film as a mere setting for the jewel and being content with the simple permission to conduct

of the rest, where every other word ends in -eth, WILLIAM BENDIX is a Knight of the Round Table, and King Arthur himself has little to do but sneeze; but there aren't enough of them to spoil the simple fun. The tunes I suppose will be popular, but they struck me as unenterprising imitations of earlier successes. In *Going My Way* Mr. CROSBY sang to a crowd of boys a moral song about swinging on a star; here he sings to a crowd of children a moral song about stubbing your toe on the moon. Somebody's in a rut.

The Bad Lord Byron (Director: DAVID MACDONALD) has not had a good press, and I can't honestly take a very different line; but I'm not moved to such fury as some critics appear to have been. One knows from the title the sort of thing to expect: of course the story of Byron's life has been popularized and made obvious, in precisely the way it suggests. But the film seemed to me not so much distasteful as flat, less objectionable than simply uninteresting; for me it's just one of those British costume pictures that make a vague silver-grey impression. And that perhaps (on second thoughts) is something to be indignant about, for there are plenty of talented people involved, in all departments, and it is distressing to contemplate such waste of a theme that must have the makings of a good film in it somewhere. The dialogue occasionally tries to disguise its twentieth-century flatness ("We were—how shall I put it—incomparable"), but more often does not seem to make even that tiny effort.

R. M.



[*A Yankee in King Arthur's Court*]

MORTE D'ARTHUR IMPENDING

Hank Martin BING CROSBY
King Arthur SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE

Brave New World

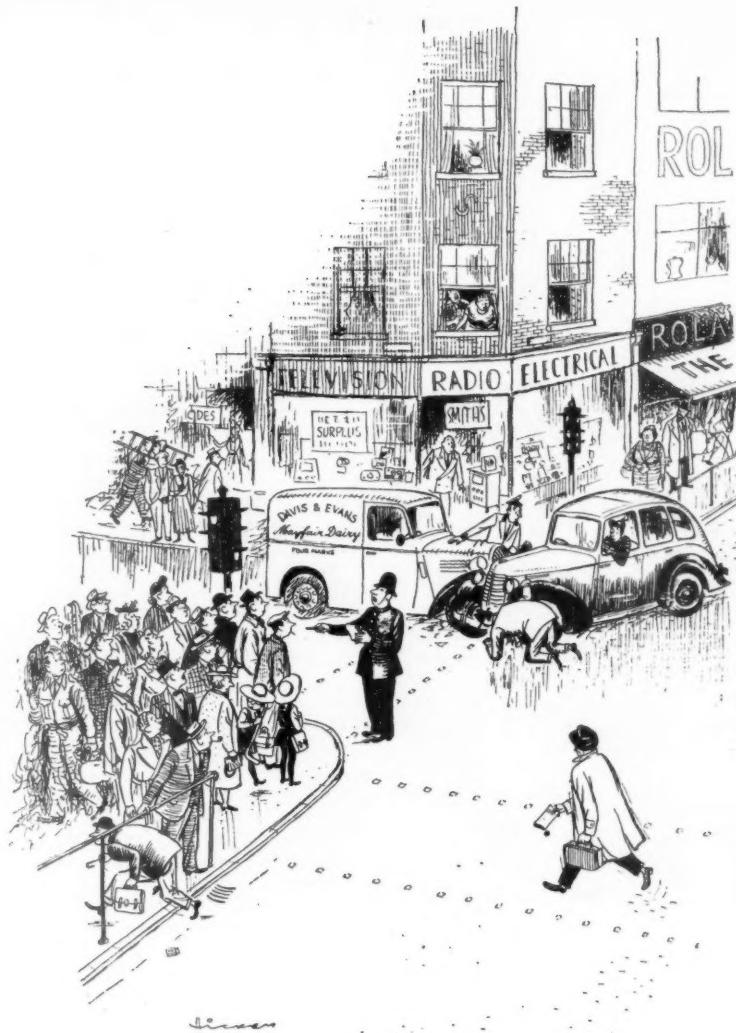
ON'T lock the yard door, dear; it isn't as if we should be out for long, and the Bread hasn't been yet. We don't want him to leave it outside as it only advertises the fact that there's no one in. I've put the money for the window-cleaner on the sill. I should think it would be all right. He generally comes before the Bread. Perhaps you'd better turn the key of the coal-house, though; you hear of such things happening.

Oh, and George, there's a pudding in the oven which I want to tell you about as you'll be in before me, because I shall have to call in at the Robinsons' on the way home as Mrs. Robinson said she might be able to get a rabbit for me from her butcher this week as I got some suet for her from mine last week. All you've got to do is to turn this knob off as soon as you get in. Just turn it round until it says "off." No, it'll be all right; it stays warm for ages. I've put a tin of meat loaf and the opener all ready here, but be *sure* and don't open it until I come back in case I bring in a rabbit. No, of course I'm not going to cook it to-night, but if there's a rabbit for to-morrow we can have eggs to-night and we needn't open a tin, but if there isn't a rabbit we can open the tin and it'll do for twice.

There's some soup on the gas ring, so all you've got to do is to put a light under it, and I've put the plates in front of the sitting-room fire so you'll only have to put a match to it, and I've filled the electric kettle so you can just switch that on. And if Mrs. Green calls before I get back she's bringing a fowl. Her sister's sending one from the country and they're going away for the week-end so I said we'd put it in our fridge for them until they come back. She may bring us their corned beef. She did last time they went away. If so, we could have it to-night instead of the eggs if I bring in a rabbit and it would save opening a tin if I don't bring one if you see what I mean.

Do you remember if we told Jane we were going out this evening? You don't? Then I'd better put my key under the mat as she mayn't have taken hers and she may catch an early train; but remind me to take it in this evening if she does come in after us as that's how the next door people say they got their house burgled.

Oh, and George, if Mrs. Green does bring us their corned beef, be sure and give her that piece of fish that was left over from lunch for their eat; but if she



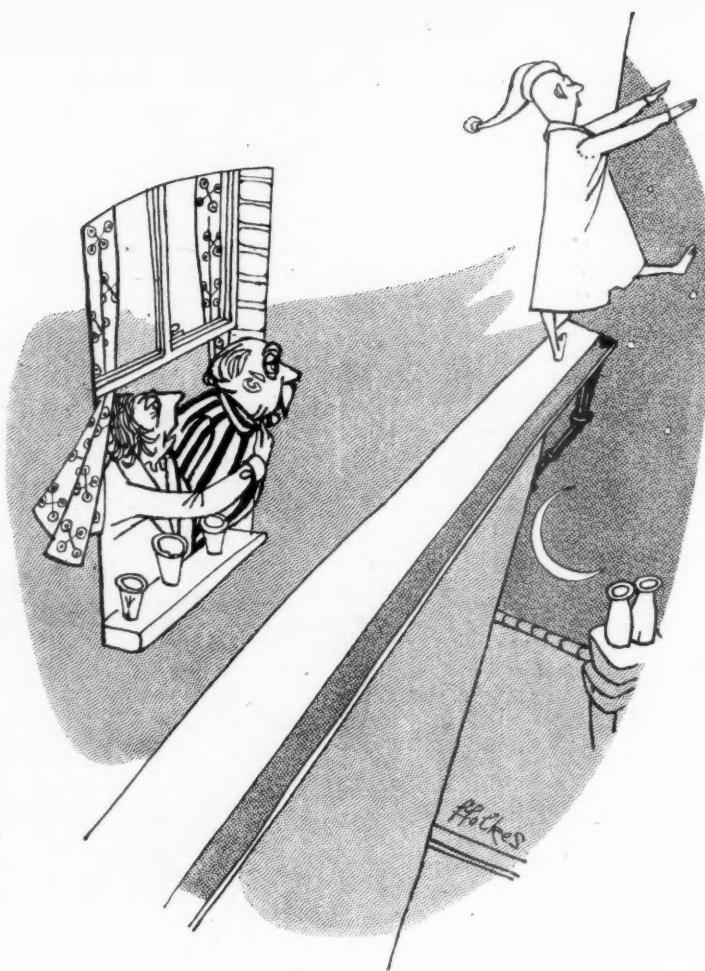
"*You, there! What's YOUR fictitious name and phony address?*"

doesn't I'll let Mrs. Smith have it for theirs. If the phone rings just after six it'll probably be Mrs. Smith to say their sitter-in can't go after all. I told her if she couldn't one of us would go over later. Yes, I know, dear, but I thought we ought to offer; they haven't been out together for ages and it isn't as if they could just turn the key and leave the house without any trouble like we can.

Have you got six-and-fivepence ha'penny on you? It's for the Milk, dear. You might just put it beside the bottles behind the door; and perhaps

I'd better leave a note for Jane in case she comes in before we do. She might open the tin, which would be a pity if Mrs. Green should bring us their corned beef or if I bring in a rabbit, as we could have eggs to-night.

I'll just run up and switch the water-heater on so that it'll be hot for washing-up when we come in, and then there's only the oven to turn on and we shall be all ready. Whatever we should do without all these labour-saving devices I don't know; in fact, how people used to manage at all in the old days I can't imagine!



"Don't wake him up! The shock might kill him!"

No Place Like Home.

THE train was so tightly packed that the "Reserved" signs which were supposed to protect the professional footballers from the ravages of a sport-crazed public were quite useless. The heroes still occupied small fractions of their original seats, but the tidal wave of humanity had overwhelmed them. They were submerged in a sea of hats, coats, limbs, suit-cases and babies. Deprived of their manoeuvrability, they forgot their cards and began to sulk.

I found myself heavily sandwiched between a famous centre-forward with an exchange value of about £17,500 plus a suburban semi-detached villa and the lower half of an elderly ticket-collector who had lost his cap. The

congestion was so acute that I was unable either to read or smoke. (Chapman Pincher's article happened to be on the other side of the folded paper—though it might just as well have been at the bottom of the Kremlin's files—and I had no inclination to wade through the advertisements pinioned a few inches from my face. I could smoke, but only by throwing my free arm round the centre-forward's neck to reach my mouth.) In the circumstances conversation of some sort seemed desirable, if only to cover our competitive twisting and writhing for positional advantage.

"Where are you boys playing tomorrow?" I said, trying to free my left hip.

The centre-forward looked at the inside-left who looked anxiously across the coach at the manager's hat. There was an awkward silence. Then, after a slight tussle with his better judgment, the centre-forward decided to take a risk.

"Newcastle," he said.

"Going to win?" I said, working my left elbow loose.

The centre-forward grinned and lowered his eyes sheepishly.

"What a question!" said the ticket-collector in a falsetto voice. "They're playing away, so they'll lose. Never win away. Against the rules."

"It's not quite as bad as that, is it?" I said. "I seem to remember . . ."

"Well, there are exceptions," cut in the ticket-collector, "but only to prove the rule. Anyone who follows the pools, as I do, knows that homes are practically certs and aways are bloomin' miracles."

"Why?" I said. "Is there an explanation, or what?" I spoke without any enthusiasm, merely to distract the ticket-collector's attention from my work on his right thigh. I did not know that my question would elicit the first full treatise on a subject that has baffled sportsmen for many years.

"Course there's an explanation," said the ticket-collector. "Leastways, there's several. Teams playing at home have a two-goals start every time because they know that teams playing at home usually win and because they know that their opponents know that teams playing away usually lose."

"That's very ingenious," I said.

"That's only a start, and very obvious," said the ticket-collector. "Then there's the fact that teams always play better on grounds they know—and I don't mean just the turf. I mean the whole ground, the stands, the hoardings and posters and so on. You see, footballers have to keep their eye on the ball, so they can only know where they are on the field by taking quick snapshots out of the corner of their eye. Now, if they know where the stands and posters are they can take proper bearings: if they don't they can't. Simple."

He looked at the centre-forward for confirmation, and during the lull I had to interrupt my attempt to lever the left-half's knee out of my middle.

"He's right," said the centre-forward at length. "On our ground there's an advert. for somebody's sausage—bright-red—and I know that it's just to the right of the Town-end goal. So if I let fly just to the left of it I'm on the target. When we play away that dam' poster may be anywhere, so I'm lost."

"What I tell you?" said the ticket-collector fiercely. He swung a foot through a limited arc—whether to illustrate the centre-forward's point or to recover lost ground I shall never know—and drove me deeper into the right-back's ribs. "Now if I were a football manager," he went on, "I'd cut out all the stuff about pre-match tactics. I'd brief my players for an away game like a bomber crew, show 'em photos of the ground, have models made with everything just so, posters and the rest. In fact I'd camouflage the home ground to look just like the opponents' ground and get the boys used to it in practice matches. No science in football, that's the trouble."

At this point I managed to free my left arm, got to my pocket and offered the ticket-collector a cigarette.

"No, ta," he said, taking one and lodging it behind his right ear. "Can't on duty."

"Does that conclude your summing-up of the situation?" I said. "Because, if so, I'd like—"

"Not by a long chalk," said the ticket-collector. "There's the crowd. A good rattle behind the goal is as good as a searchlight. Home team recognize it and follow it: away team doesn't. Once knew a team who had a paid trumpeter. Paid, mark you!"

The centre-forward laughed.

"Don't make me laugh," he said, laughing.

"You can laugh," said the ticket-collector, "but I *know*. I was playing goal for the team, so I *know*."

We looked at him with a new interest. Yes, he might easily have kept goal twenty or thirty years ago. His neck was made for a turtle-neck sweater.

"Then there's the ref," he said. "Not saying refs. aren't straight, but they—and the linesmen—always give the home team the benefit. That's natural, and it just turns the scale. Finally, there's something that very few people have noticed. When a man is away from his home and family there's a tendency . . ."

The train stopped at York and emptied rapidly. I collected my things from the platform, climbed in again and found a comfortable seat. The train moved out of the station. I was settling down nicely to the article on quadruplets when the football manager tapped me on the shoulder and pointed to the window. "This coach is reserved, if you don't mind," he said.

It isn't often that I buy a paper specially for the football results, but I did next day. And it isn't often I laugh out loud when I read that an away team has lost five-nil.

HOD.

Dalesman

WHEN winter hugs the land, and the lean wind Harries the boughs where, houseless and forlorn,

The ruffled robin sits upon a thorn,
And the sweet summer days are far behind;

Then, when night comes remote with frosty stars,
And darkness presses close upon the pane,
The summer days enfold us once again
And fill the mind with warmth of sunlit hours.

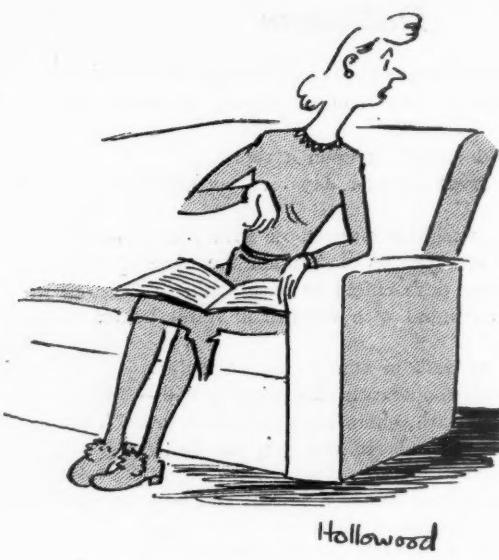
All day we walk in winter, but at night
Wander the countries of the mind at will—
Follow this path, climb once more this green hill,
Travelling remembered roads in the firelight.

But when spring comes with leaf and bud unfurled,
With fountain-fall of blossom and birdsong,
Memory no more contents me; but daylong
I range the windy uplands of the world.

Soon winter-weary I shall come once more
To the high moors, with curlews calling there,
And sunlit summits in the shining air . . .
And all the while my heart runs on before.

M. E. R.





"Sometimes I think we were better off when things were so scarce that we couldn't buy more than we could afford not to do without."

He Understands These Things.

IT was a horrible house-coat anyway. Looking on the bright side of things, that is what I had said to him from the first; and that was probably my first mistake. By saying that, I made him think I considered its reconversion just as he did, as an ordinary matter of economy, making something new out of something old.

Well, I didn't consider it like that. You see, I was fond of the thing. We were deeply attached. It would have been eight years old next month if it had lived.

Mother bought the stuff for it during the war, yards and yards of furnishing satin in wide stripes of green and white. It was all she could get off coupons. But mother's "little woman"—or perhaps it was a "little man," for mother is surrounded by "little people" of both sexes who "do" things—found even that weighty bale too little for a proper job. She cut the skirt in one piece so that, though the stripes hung down beautifully and with elegance at the front, my back was striped across as if I'd just got up off a wet park bench.

It was quite horrible, but I was very fond of it. This was partly because of its warmth, partly because—though he would never remember such a thing—I had been wearing it the first time he called before our marriage, and partly because it is the only house-coat I have ever had.

But then we had not been married long when the New Look burst in upon our savings. Of course I wanted new things—just a few: a frock, a coat, a skirt—but it wasn't I who started it. He started it. I had a long-term plot afoot to put the money by out of "housekeeping." But not he. "Darling," he said, "you must smarten up a bit, you know. You're looking terribly old-fashioned these days." I said it would cost money to put that right. He said "Well, we've got it, haven't we?" and I said Yes, but that was for furniture, wasn't it?

Just the same, I wanted those clothes; and if he wanted them too I could still operate my plot by paying money back into the bank after I'd spent it instead of waiting till I had it. This was his idea—not a fault of mine. After all, I love the man. I wanted to please him.

So all right. I bought the things. And then it really was his fault because he wouldn't have me wear anything else but the new length. I bought velvet ribbon and check taffeta and tacked it to the bottom of everything, but all he said was "Darling, you look so horribly 'arranged' with all that tat round the skirt. Why don't you wear something else?"—meaning, if only he would remember, my one frock and my one skirt. I started letting pieces in at the waist; and then he said "Darling, what have you done to your stomach?" I gave it up. I hated being told I looked "arranged." It sounded like something to do with the cat.

Then we hit Christmas. We spent too much on presents. We always do. I often wonder if the sentence should not read "Then Christmas hit us." At any rate, in amongst the shopping he decided I hadn't got anything "decent" enough to wear at mother's on Christmas Day, so we bought another frock at considerable expense for the occasion.

When we came out at the other end of that into the hard light of our own home there were no savings left and my skirt had worn out. I went back to wearing "the arrangements." The day we discovered about the savings I was wearing one of the better ones. He said immediately: "It's not only that it's difficult to keep this home together and get some money for the future. On top of that you have to go around looking like something from the spring sales. Haven't you got anything big enough to make a new dress from without all these, these . . ." I stopped him saying it.

That is when he discovered immense possibilities in the house-coat. He became positively rhapsodic. "But, darling," he said. "Darling, it's so striking, so bold." He meant the stripes when I took the thing off and laid it on the floor. I explained about cutting on the cross and broadening in the beam; but his imagination was on fire. I hadn't the devices to douse it.

We took the zipper out and unpicked the bodice. The rest of it laid on the floor looked like an overripe camembert with a slice out. It hadn't been cleaned in ages. He still thought it was wonderful, and he had an awful glint in his eye I hadn't seen before.

"Now, what's the difficulty, eh?" He was smiling all over, patronizing. I knew then beyond any doubt that he was going to Show Me How; and, worse, that nothing could be done about it. I explained about the stripes across my lower half. It seemed simpler than talking about cut on the cross. "Well," he said when I'd finished—"well, I think I've got that. We'd better work it out on paper, eh?" He rubbed his hands and smiled happily. I think I smiled back.

He drew a small camembert on a half-used page of his diary. Then he drew a large camembert on his cheque-book. "I think we'd better have sheets of paper," he said. I got them. At the end of an hour he said "The solution, darling, is in panels. We shall have to cut it up like a cheese." So it has struck him too, I thought. I said "Why?"

"Because if you can't wear it in one piece with the lines going straight round, you'll have to wear it zig-zag with the lines going up and down." The notion of this seemed to please him. "It will be very bold that way," he said.

I asked how many sections. He said sixteen. I said why not four, two zigs and two zags? He said because that way would produce the same line across at back, front



"By 'New Look' I take it you mean what we now consider 'Old Look', but not the 'Old Look' which preceded the 'New Look'."

or either side, whichever I preferred; and didn't I have faith in his calculations? I told a lie.

"Well, let's cut it up, then," he said. I said "No. For heaven's sake, no. Let me work it out slowly." He helped me. Nothing on earth would stop him helping me. He helped me with cheeses of paper marked with the stripes and numbered one to sixteen. He said "It's all right, darling. This all helps. It's making it even clearer to me. Don't think it's a trouble." We shuffled the cheeses until, by jettisoning one, we had zig-zags all the way round. They were not very regular. None of the stripes seemed quite to meet. "Oh, that's all right," he said. "We can move them up or down when we've cut the cloth, and then you can make adjustments at the waist and hem." It was terrifying, but we cut the cloth.

That was two months ago. I have been making adjustments. The couple from next door looked in occasionally and said how striking it was going to be, but then we said the same to them during their last evening dress. He just sat around, beaming.

I finished yesterday, and he rang up from the office while I was finishing. "Can you bunch it more at the front?" he said. "I've been reading the papers. They say in Paris that the line is going to be swept forward this year." I said I couldn't sweep it forward, it was already bunched all over, my fingers were sore, my eyes were sore,

my head was sore. He must have got my point, for he said "Darling, I'm sure it's wonderful," and rang off.

We went to mother's last night, me in it—looking bold, he said.

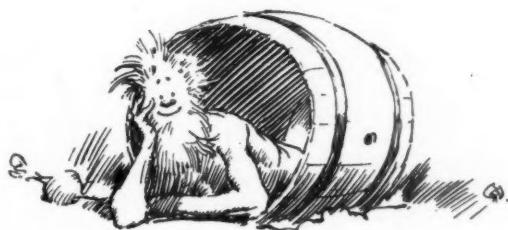
Mother is shortsighted. She took one look at me on the sofa and said "Oh, dear, I've had a little woman in to do the rugs. She must have left her things." She stood up and came across the room. "I'd better put them in the hall," she said. She made a grab at my skirt and tried to walk out of the room with it. I could have cried, but didn't. I was past demonstrating. Mother was very good about it afterwards. She called it a "most interesting arrangement." And he was very flattered by that of course.

Spring at Putney

MY uncle said "This is Boat-Race weather,"
Rubbing his chilblained hands together,
And I think I know where his mind was
turning

For the floods are out, but the fire is burning,
And the wind is straining the tow-path larches,
As it did in those old tempestuous Marches
When coaches were great, but oarsmen greater,
When slides were shorter and backs were straighter,
And easies briefer and outings longer,
And catches quicker and finishes stronger—
But the same head-wind to-day is blowing
As blew in the Golden Days of rowing,
And the same waves curl off the muddy beach
To slap the barges in Corney Reach.
The water, the hurrying clouds, are grey,
And summer's a couple of months away—
But contained in this wintry Tideway scenery
Is the magical promise of Eights Week greenery,
And warm up-river Regatta days
When the start is lost in a lunch-time haze
And on firework evenings the rockets rise
To spill their stars against velvet skies.
Already the boatman plies his varnish
And rubs from rowlocks their six-months'
tarnish

And hangs up again by the boathouse door
The group of the Torpid in '94.
And these reflections—taken together—
Make my uncle right. It is Boat-Race weather.



"I'm doing more for the recovery programme than you think!"

A Slight Case of Psychiatry



M TO R?" said the man at the door.

I hesitated.

"M to R?" he repeated in a jeering tone. "In other words, does your surname begin with any of the letters of the alphabet generally found between M and R? That is to say, M, N, O, P—"

"My name's Pinwright," I said.

"Right. This way then. And take that grin off your face."

Not a very auspicious beginning. I should explain that I was visiting the Employment Exchange at Luton to register as a Self-Employed Person, over seventy years of age, and with an income of under two hundred pounds a year. I had long read with admiration those thrilling advertisements in the newspapers calling for greater efforts in our industrial drive, and it had occurred to me that I might be of some use in spite of my disabilities. I had previously filled in a form in which, under the heading "Other Remarks," I had suggested that I might be given the job of driving the municipal steam-roller. It had always been an ambition of mine.

In the inner room a grey-faced man with rimless glasses faced me from behind a long table, on which was a large and very complicated-looking form. Half a dozen other men of various shapes and sizes, obviously psychiatrists, sat on chairs at the back of the room.

"Good morning, Mr. Pinwright," said the man at the table. "Please sit down." I did so and at once fell heavily to the ground. "No chair," I explained as I got up, dusting my trousers. "That was Intelligence Test number one," said the man. "Now for number two. Over there you will see a bath full of water. Here is a

teaspoon. What do you think is the best way of emptying the bath?"

I hesitated, suspecting a trap, looking now at the bath, now at the teaspoon, now at the examiner. "Who filled the bath, anyhow?" I asked, hoping to gain time. "I see the teaspoon has 'British Railways' on the handle. That shows it must be a new one."

The examiner looked rather annoyed, and one of the psychiatrists, who had been doing something with log tables in the background, suddenly said: "This man's I.Q. is only seventy-five. That means, strictly speaking, that he ought to go to an approved school."

"Hm. He's a bit old for that, unfortunately," said the examiner. "Is he a good mixer? What about the Chief Psychiatrist's Report? Dr. Albumblatt?"

Dr. Albumblatt, a squat beetle-browed figure, leaned forward. "I have examined Pinwright," he said, reading from a typewritten sheet in a guttural voice. "He is a schizoid type, is web-footed, and has trouble with his aspirates. There is marked avuncularism, contradicted, unfortunately, by a Scrooge complex. Alpha Rhythm, two point six five plus. Annular Reaction Nil. His patellar reflex is intermittent, and there is a tendency to aorta of the maxillary antrum. His batting average last season was nought point nought two. The Electroencephalogram shows marked strychnismus, or hooting in the brain, though this may be due to a faulty connection in the apparatus. The—"

"Thank you, Dr. Albumblatt. There's just one other thing. Would you say Pinwright had any criminal tendencies?"

The psychiatrist shrugged his shoulders. "Who can say? Perhaps.

Perhaps not. Perhaps. Perhaps not. Per—" "Thank you," said the examiner firmly. He threw himself back in his chair and for some time stared at me fixedly. By this time I was beginning to wonder, not so much whether I should be given a job as whether I should ever get out of the room alive. But at last the chairman said "Have you a sense of humour?"

"I'm not sure," I said.

"Well, if you're not sure," said the examiner, "we'd better give you a test. All right, Travis, put him through it."

One of the psychiatrists put a record on a gramophone, while the others watched me narrowly.

"Who was that lady I saw you with last night?" boomed a voice, and another voice replied "That was no lady—that was my wife."

After a pause I laughed slightly. Dr. Albumblatt made a note. The examiner looked doubtful. "Better try him with another record," he said. "Sorry, that's the only one we've got left. The last man we interviewed broke all the others laughing." "All right, then, put him through that one again."

Again the voices boomed through the room, but this time I started laughing as soon as the record stopped, producing an ear-splitting guffaw, doubling up in my chair and slapping my knee uncontrollably. I was beginning to wonder if I had gone too far when I noticed that the psychiatrists had just seen the point of the joke themselves. While they were delightedly explaining it to one another I slipped away.

About a fortnight later I received a printed card which read "Dear Sir, —Your application for priority anthracite is being considered, and you will be informed of our decision in due course."

It seems possible that some inter-departmental confusion had occurred somewhere. But even that hardly seems to explain everything.

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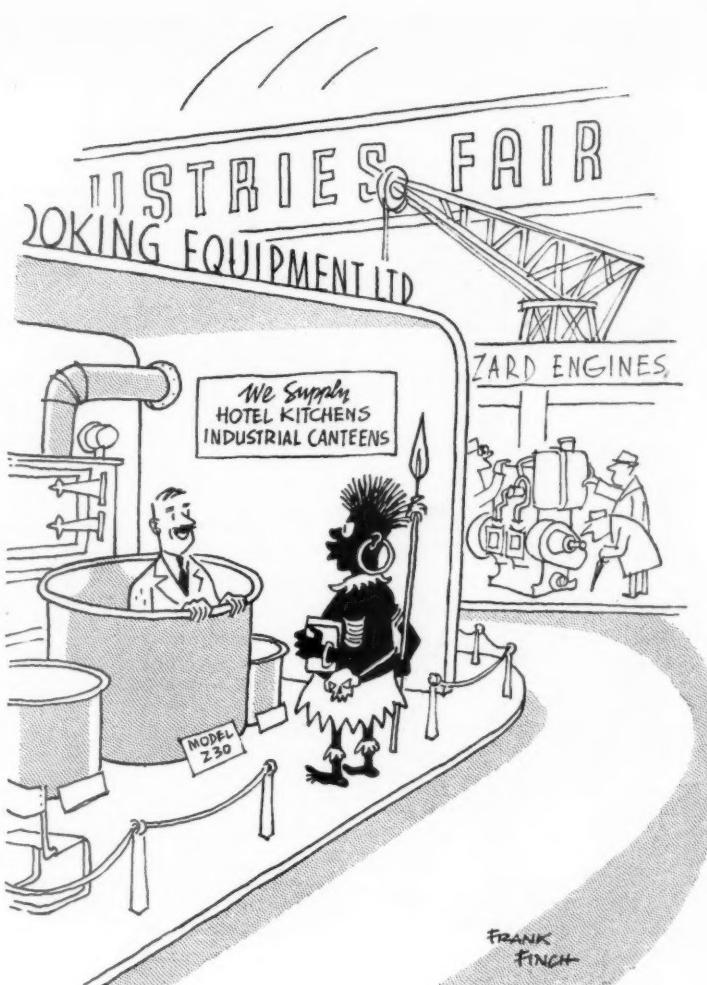
Splash!

"She passed the lily pond, but Owen wasn't there. He'd got tired of waiting for her and gone in."—*Story in "Woman."*

• •

The Scouts have been asked by the Rector of Elmstone to cut down a dangerous tree in his garden. They are enjoying this piece of woodmanship as part of their First Class Test. Mr. Harry Upton is helping them with first aid theory and practice once a month."—*Kent paper.*

Probably not often enough . . .



"How's this one for size, sir?"

On the Verge

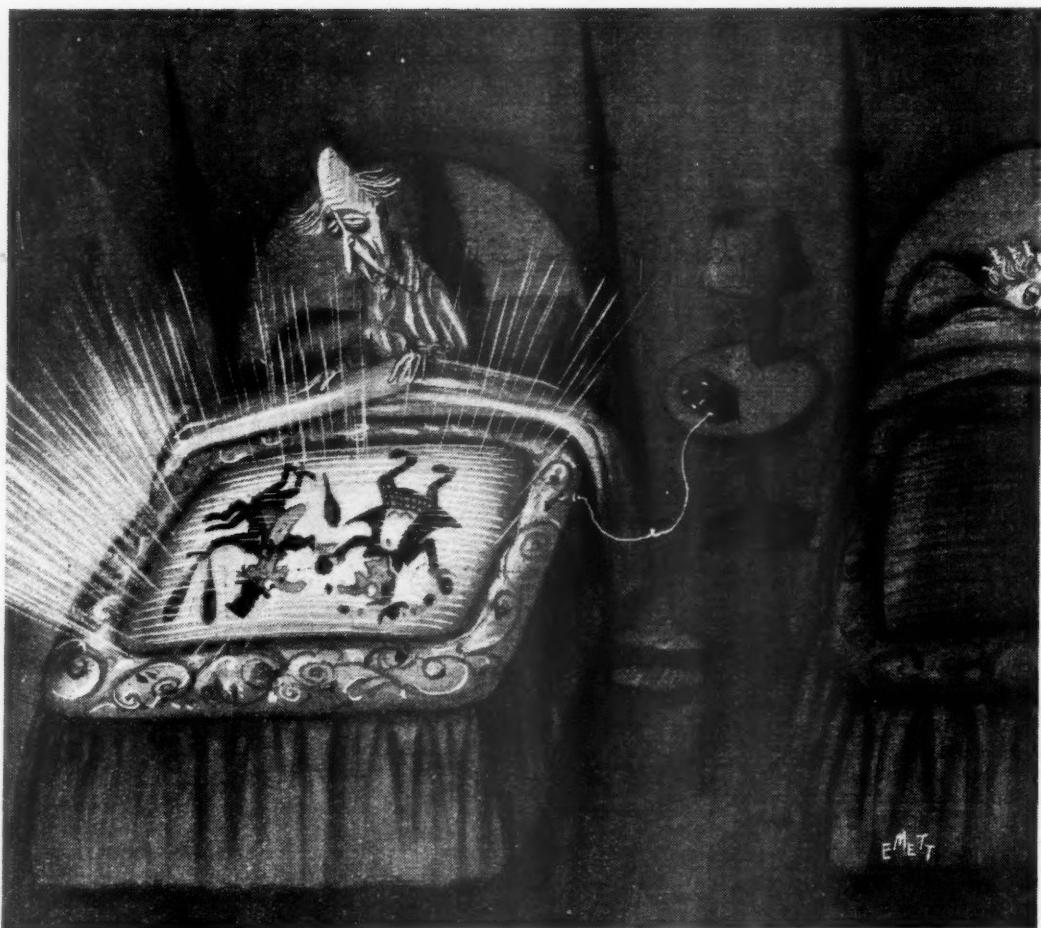
SAILOR, sailor, home from the seas,
What do you bring to England?
"A toy balloon and a Stilton cheese,
A hive and a half of Hybla bees,
A rumour of plots and policies
And a word of warning to England."

Airman, airman, back from Berlin,
What do you say to England?
"Whatever you finish you must begin;
Put up your money or else throw in;
When the stakes are heavy it's time to win—
And that applies to England."

Boffin, boffin, back in the room,
What do you make for England?
"A mass-producible marble tomb,
A new design for a witch's broom,
Azrael's sword, and the Crack of Doom
To hang in the sky over England."

Soldier, soldier, off to the fight,
What do you think of England?
"Number off from the bleeding right,
And the last man home can put out the light,
For I think that curfew will ring to-night—
But maybe not for England."

G. D. R. D.



"Oh dear, my electronic blanket's getting Alexandra Palace again . . ."

Cat Nap

I HAD a tar-and-cinnamon cat:
its nose was a black butterfly,
and it would drop to sleep—
like that—
by shutting of its sherry eye.

It did not pay the laundry bill,
the rent,
the rates,
the coal,
the milk,
but drank the sun on the window sill,
and purred, and when it had its fill
would flex its ears of shell-whorled
silk
and shut that sherry eye, and sleep,
its velvet shadow not more still.

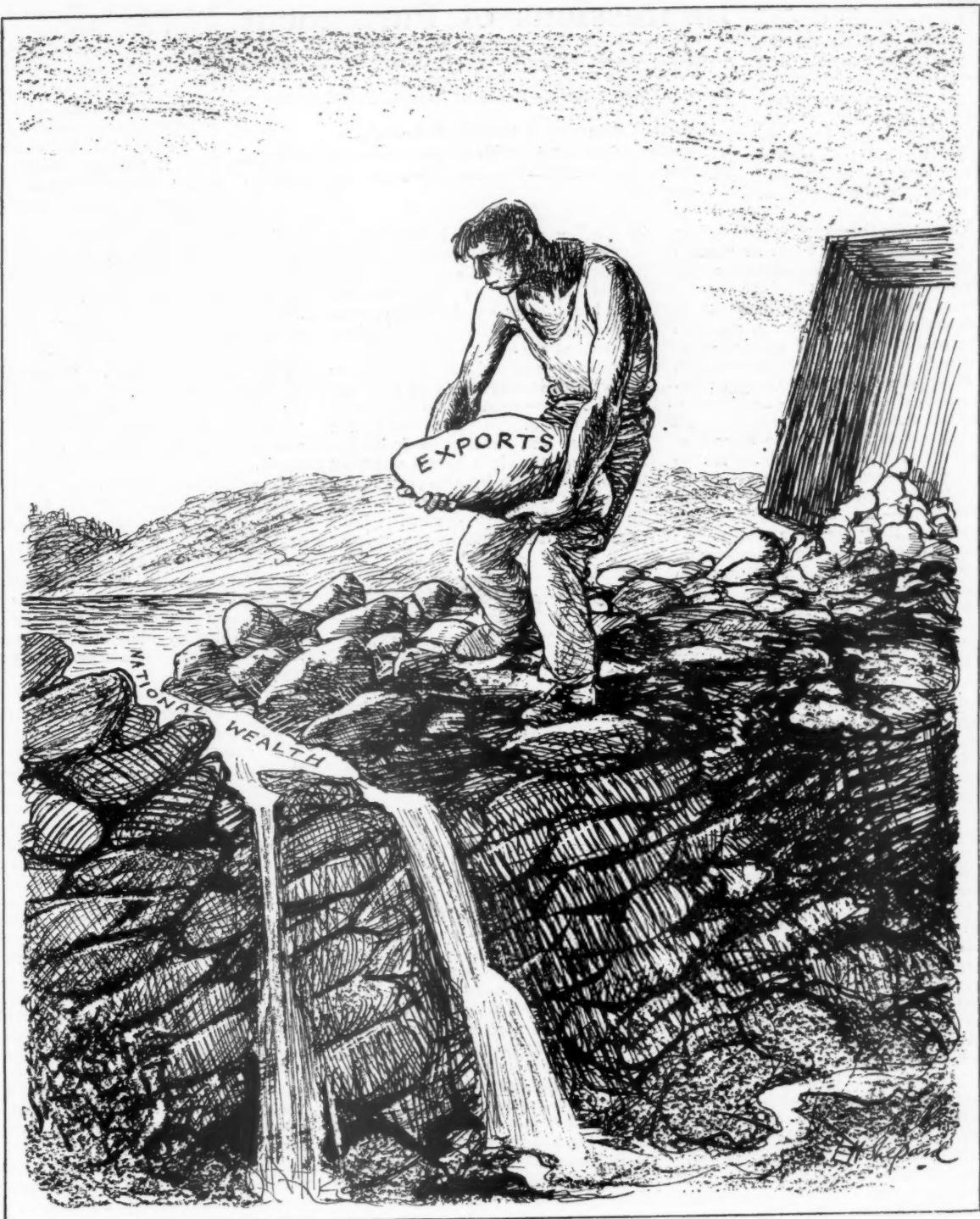
I had not slept for seven years
(because of this, because of that),

I paid the rates,
I paid the rent,
I paid the laundry (seldom sent)
and wished that I had sherry eyes
to shut, like my unconscious cat.

Last year I did not pay the rates—
this year I have not paid the rent:
the laundry bill on the window sill
turns yellow,
and I am content.

My velvet shadow scarcely stirs
between the red geraniums:
how gently my sub-conscious purrs
but wakes me not, when the postman
comes:
the bills fall lightly on the mat:
open your sherry-coloured eyes
and settle them, infernal cat! R. C. S.

Punch, March 30 1949



STOPPING THE GAP

MONDAY, March 21st.—Mr. CHUTER EDE, the Secretary of State for the Home Department, has many times proved to the House of Commons that, behind his pawky humour, mixed with shrewd wit, he seeks to hide a sincere attachment to liberty and freedom—including freedom of speech.

The House therefore listened to him with respect to-day when he made a statement about a clash between supporters and opponents of Sir Oswald Mosley in the streets of London. It was not an inspiring story, and Mr. EDE told it with careful and deliberate absence of colour or dramatic emphasis.

It appeared that Sir Oswald's followers had obeyed all police instructions in exercising their right to walk in procession through the streets of East and North London, but that the opposition—generally believed to be Communists, though Mr. EDE avoided that term—had been mobilized to break up the procession and ensure that there were no speeches—other than their own—delivered through loudspeakers.

From figures the Home Secretary gave, it appeared that the Communists had a superiority in numbers over the Mosleyites of some twenty to one. The Communists also had milk bottles, clods of earth and other missiles which they hurled at the police. Another weapon they had was glass marbles and ball-bearings which were thrown under the hooves of horses to cause them to fall. A Tory Member pointed out that, since none but the police rode horses in the procession, the Communist defence that they were in reality attacking not the police but the Mosleyites lacked conviction.

Mr. EDE, while deplored all actions which made London's streets a "battle-ground," stoutly upheld the principles that free speech was free speech, that it must be maintained, that it applied to *all*, and was not subject to the permission of any party.

When one of his own supporters pointed out that we had recently spent six years fighting *against* Fascism, he retorted sharply that, while that was undoubtedly true, we had equally emphatically not fought to *establish* Communism. A number of the Government's supporters seemed to find this sentiment annoying, and they muttered angrily. The Home Secretary announced that as a precaution against further trouble he had endorsed the decision of the Commissioner of Police that all political processions

Impressions of Parliament

Monday, March 21st.—House of Commons: A Spring Surprise Sprung.

Tuesday, March 22nd.—House of Lords: The Woolsack is Reoccupied.

House of Commons: A Bonfire of Controls.

Wednesday, March 23rd.—Both Houses: Defence—and Hope.

Thursday, March 24th.—House of Commons: Manpower is Measured.

in London should be banned for a further three months—the previous ban having been lifted only six weeks ago.

This announcement was received with loud cheers on the Government side of the House. But later it became known that the ban would apply to the May Day processions the Labour Party traditionally holds on May 1st, and the cheers became less deafening. Firmly refusing to make the ban a permanent one, Mr. EDE reminded the House that the right to call attention to political issues by processions was an ancient one, not to be swept aside by any "alien organization." This phrase also drew sullenly angry growls



Impressions of Parliamentarians

78. Mr. M. Foot (Devonport)

from some of his supporters. Nor were they notably appeased when he reminded them that the people of Britain had a reputation for political tolerance and that they should learn to see and hear things with which they disagreed without feeling that they had been unduly provoked.

Mr. GEORGE BROWN, of the Ministry of Agriculture, invented a new variant of Mr. CHURCHILL's famous "terminological inexactitude" as a description of verbal inaccuracy. He spoke of a Tory Member's remarks as a "*non-statement of fact*." The victim, seemingly almost in tears, raised protest after protest with Mr. Speaker, who, with something of the air of a patient and tolerant Nannie, advised him to

be a good boy and not make a fuss about nothing. So apparently the phrase goes into the Dictionary of Proper Parliamentary Phrases. Most Members felt that it rather lacked the subtlety of Mr. CHURCHILL's phrase, but that it perhaps gained in swing (verbal) what it lost on the circumlocutory roundabouts.

The night's discussion was a reissue (as the publishers say) of the debate on manpower in the Forces. It caused but little sensation and detained but few Members from more urgent duties elsewhere.

TUESDAY, March 22nd.—Mr. HAROLD WILSON, the President of the Board of Trade, had promised a "bonfire" of controls, and Members crowded into the Commons to-day to see it.

Question-time ambled to its close (with an occasional bout of shouting about nothing much) and then Mr. WILSON rose and proceeded, with a flourish, to light the bonfire. Members seemed to find the whole proceeding technical rather than pyrotechnical, for it was nearly all about controls at what Whitehall always calls "high level"—at the manufacturer and wholesaler stage.

Mr. DOUGLAS HOUGHTON, holder of Sowerby for the Government in the recent by-election, waited by the door with eagerness to see whether the President would announce a spectacular cut in controls like the de rationing of clothes, which had come providentially just before his by-election vote. But nothing more romantic than matches, resin, hard wood and willows figured in the list.

Still, as one Member remarked, any decontrol's better than none, and there was a dutiful cheer from the Government benches. Mr. OLIVER LYTTELTON, from the Opposition Front Bench, got up and asked a supplementary question which had it come from the other side of the House would have looked suspiciously like an "arranged" one, so easy a target did it give the President. Mr. L. commented that the Government had only now done what the Opposition had been advocating for a long time.

This enabled Mr. WILSON to make the points: (1) That a Conservative Central Office committee had not even yet reported which controls it wanted lifted; (2) that no Opposition leader had ever asked for decontrol of any of the things listed to-day.

These thrusts were received with a



"Splendid news, William—the Bayeux Chronicle has accepted my comic strip!"

quota of stony silence on the Opposition benches, but with decontrolled joy on the Government side. Mr. LYTTELTON wore the expression of the radio comedian who says: "What am I saying?"

In the House of Lords general cheers greeted the return to the Woolsack of the Lord Chancellor, Lord JOWITT, after his recent eye-trouble. He seemed fit, if not particularly bronzed, and plunged into the business of the House just as though he had never left it.

WEDNESDAY, March 23rd.—Both Houses had rather anxious debates to-day about the foreign situation and our own state of preparedness in defence.

The discussion in the Commons was preceded by one of the smartest "cracks" of this Parliament. Mr. JOHN PLATTS-MILLS, who has strong Left leanings, asked how many United States airmen there were serving in Britain and "when they may be expected to leave." Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON, the Air Minister, gave him a figure, and then Brigadier MEDLICOTT rose swiftly to ask a supplementary question. This was it—

and it brought down the House: "Can the Minister say how many fellow-travellers are serving in this country—and when *they* may be expected to leave?"

The Commons debate, on Eastern Europe and the position in Germany, was opened by Mr. HAROLD MACMILLAN, who said frankly that he felt there might be trouble, precipitated by the Soviet Government, later this year. He thought it might take the form of a swoop in the direction of Greece.

Mr. HECTOR MCNEIL, the Minister of State, gave an assurance that the Government was keeping a very watchful eye on events in all parts of Europe. But other speakers urged that more arms should be sent to Greece and that Marshal Tito, in Yugoslavia, should be given economic aid. Mr. R. A. BUTLER expressed the view that unless we could save Greece this summer we should, as a nation, forfeit our position in the Middle East.

Mr. ERNEST BEVIN, the Foreign Secretary, promised that he would talk about Greece when he went to Washington soon to confer with the United States Secretary of State, Mr. Dean Acheson, and to sign the

Atlantic Pact. He also promised a considerable increase in the Berlin air-lift, so as to build up supplies of food and fuel for next winter.

And when he said he felt he would go to Washington with the good wishes of the whole House, the whole House signified its agreement in the usual manner.

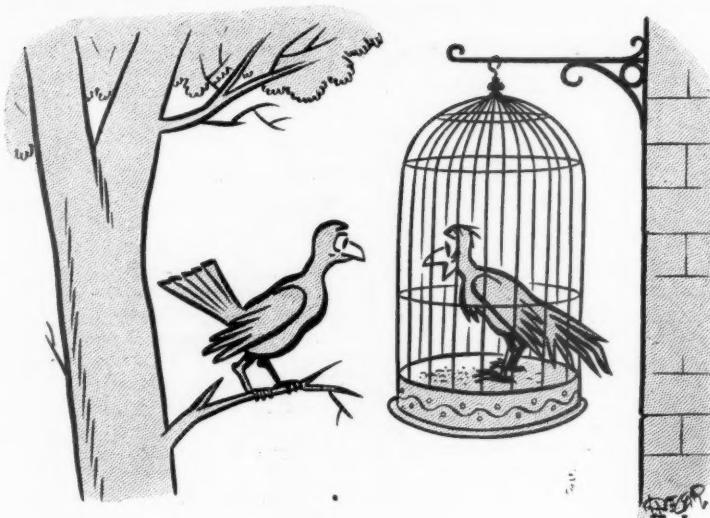
Lord MONTGOMERY, in battle-dress, was a silent listener to the debate in the Lords, where Lord SWINTON was raising problems of national defence.

Many noble Lords expressed anxiety about the position of our defences, but Lord PAKENHAM assured them that the Government was fully alive to the urgency of the situation.

Lord SWINTON, at the end of the debate, protested that he knew no more than when it started. "I could not be more disquieted," he said.

THURSDAY, March 24th.—The talk in the Commons was on manpower, and most Members (on both sides) seemed to have other outlets for their own private supply.

Mr. R. A. BUTLER announced that the Opposition intended to ask for a debate, sometime, on meat supplies. So, maybe, things will be livelier.



"I suppose it was the promise of social security that first tempted me."

M. Albert Goes West.

"**M**Y friend," said M. Albert last Tuesday evening, "it is stronger than me. I can tolerate the atmosphere at Mme. Boulot's for six evenings a week, but on the seventh my being craves the brilliant glitter of the boulevards, the sight of fashionably dressed women sipping cocktails at little tables, the smell of perfumes from the Rue de la Paix. You will take me to the select quarter this very evening. I will instantly put on my best suit."

When he reappeared a few minutes later in a violent check overcoat and a vermillion scarf I braced myself to meet the inevitable onslaught from Mme. Boulot. She swept him from head to foot with one of her most withering glances.

"Evidently one has the intention of seeking distraction this evening," she said to nobody in particular.

M. Albert coughed uneasily.

"From time to time," he said, "one must make a *sorite*, to change a little."

"And what," asked Mme. Boulot, with dreadful calm, "can one find in other quarters that does not exist in Rue Chameau?"

This was such a far-reaching question that M. Albert and I thought it wiser to make a bolt for the Metro.

At the Café de la Paix I intercepted a swiftly-moving waiter, who said distantly "Monsieur desires?" and looked

searchingly at the Opera. M. Albert regarded him with disfavour.

"Do you estimate," he said to me loudly, "that one would be disposed to listen if one should demand a glass?"

I began to perspire. M. Albert's sarcasm, though much respected at Mme. Boulot's, would get us nowhere at the Café de la Paix.

The waiter surveyed M. Albert as from a great distance.

"Monsieur desires?" he repeated.

"There are several minutes," said M. Albert, "since one signified one's desire. This gentleman"—he indicated my shrinking form—"desires to drink. He is an Englishman, and has therefore a great thirst. You have no doubt reflected that he will certainly render a most unfavourable report on French hospitality when he returns to his country?"

The waiter's face assumed an expression of the most cordial *entente*.

"One is always ready"—he began, but M. Albert was not to be so easily deflected.

"My friend," he said loftily, "permit me to observe that you have not, up to here, demonstrated a marked readiness to serve. It has doubtless been carried to your consciousness," he went on severely, "that the nations of the world are assembled here in Paris in an endeavour to arrive at a solution of their mutual difficulties?"

"Evidently," said the waiter nervously, "one has read—"

"Then how," demanded M. Albert heatedly, "do you imagine this can be achieved when distinguished foreigners are everywhere refused refreshment, when their simple requests are treated with deplorable negligence, when—"

"I think," I began, "that—"

M. Albert held up his hand and closed his eyes.

"Do not pronounce the words," he begged. "Do not judge all France by this regrettable incident. Go," he commanded the waiter, "and fetch two large Dries."

The pale but potent drinks which the waiter brought us were accompanied by a small piece of cardboard. After an intent scrutiny of this M. Albert said: "It is possible that in preparing this infamous account one has—doubtless in error—included the date?"

"Monsieur," replied the waiter, "it is not I who establishes the prices. In this matter one must address oneself to the Direction."

M. Albert's address to the Direction took twenty minutes, after which I persuaded him to leave. We returned to Mme. Boulot's, where he described our evening's entertainment in detail.

"Those who seek distraction far from their proper quarter," Mme. Boulot said to the room in general, "merit grave deception."

For once M. Albert accepted her censure without argument.

• • •

The Enfranchisement— To Corinna

THOSE satins, that uncoupon'd
dress
(Which hides thy sweeter loveliness),
The kerchef at thine iv'ry throat,
And still tempestuous petticoat,
And those brave nylons, neatly trim,
That soft enclose each gracefull limb—
All these (thy other selfe) put on
To mark thine absolution.
But chief, Corinna, with thee bring
Thy booke, for thankfull offering;
No longer now the checker'd page
Controles thy lenten foliage,
Or with a sullen word denies
The wishfull longing of thine eyes;
So on this dusty altar lay
The token of a sadder day,
Which here shall unlamented lie,
The salvage of thy liberty.

Commercial Diary

ONE of our clients sent us a large commercial diary for Christmas. It was overlooked at the time and has recently come to light. I took it in to Mr. Wilkins with some other papers and Mr. Wilkins said "Good, that's what we've been wanting a long time. We'll keep a War Diary and we'll appoint you I.O., Lieutenant Christopherson."

In the war Mr. Wilkins was a Colonel and gained the O.B.E. I do not altogether understand this Army language, but I gather Mr. Wilkins wants me to record matters of interest which occur in the office, which I will attempt to do to the best of my ability.

January 26. We are tired of waiting for the Post Office to instal the new switchboard. When we ordered it (seven months ago) we arranged for a special shelf to be put in by Miss Cook's desk. The shelf was of plain wood because the plan was to re-decorate the office after the switchboard had been put in, and it was to be painted then. The shelf naturally annoys Mr. Wilkins. This afternoon he came to see if he had left his pipe anywhere. He said "I can't stand the sight of that thing any longer," looking at the shelf.

Miss Cook blushed scarlet, thinking Mr. Wilkins was referring to her. We had a good laugh, in which Mr. Wilkins was the first to join, after apologizing to Miss Cook. The shelf is to be painted to-morrow, in the lunch hour. Mr. Wilkins asked me to get hold of the representative who called recently with details of an intercommunication system.

January 27. An unfortunate thing happened this afternoon. Miss Cook forgot about the shelf being painted and put several papers on it and then the postage book on top of that. Some time later she let out quite a scream. Mr. Wilkins happened to be coming in and, as a joke, said "Now, now, Christopherson, my boy!" although it was obvious that it was Miss Cook who had screamed.

Poor Miss Cook was almost hysterical and could hardly explain what she had done.

"If it is that Irish job," said Mr. Wilkins, "I'm afraid I'll have to shoot you. Then I'll shoot Christopherson. And then I'll shoot myself."

The unfortunate thing was that the bottom paper did turn out to be the Certificate of Origin. (We had had to send it back to Ireland for additional details, and had only just got it back, after the tweed had been held up in the

Customs since last Monday week.) It was most unlucky, especially as Miss Cook had put it down face downwards. Mr. Wilkins tried to lever it off, but the paper tore. So he said "Well, we'll do the thing properly," and made it into a spill to light his pipe from the electric fire. The paper then flared up suddenly and he had to drop it. It fell on the typewriter and the ribbon caught fire. Miss Cook burst into tears. Mr. Wilkins took it very well, considering we will now never get the tweed to Turner and Lawrence in time for making up into spring fashions. So we shall most likely lose a big order. Mr. Wilkins just remarked "Right. We'll just drink ourselves to death."

And he poured out Miss Cook and me a glass of whisky from the cabinet in his office, and had a whisky himself. Miss Cook became quite giggly, and forgot about the shelf again and put her handbag on it.

To-morrow we are going to have the intercommunication system on trial.

January 28. The intercommunication people rang to say they would bring the equipment next Monday. I have been asked by Mr. Wilkins if I would care to attend an important business luncheon next Wednesday. Mr. Wilkins is going to speak on Export and Import. He said "That's just the stuff you need for the War Diary. We ought to be able to tell them a few things, eh, Christopherson, what with everything that goes on here?"

He was thinking of the tweed. We both laughed. It should be a most valuable experience. It is extremely kind of Mr. Wilkins to ask me. I am going in place of Mr. Meadows, who has just wired to say he won't be back from the north. Mr. Wilkins has asked me to look out several files as illustrations for the speech. Miss Cook must still be feeling the effects of the whisky. She pretended she thought I was to make the speech, and was standing up thumping her desk when Mr. Wilkins came in. She had to make out she had cramp in her wrist.



From the Chinese

A THOUGHT

FROM the good Government
I can get free teeth
And free spectacles:
But no spectacles
Can detect the meat ration,
And no teeth
Are required to consume it.

ANOTHER THOUGHT

And, when I say "free,"
I should add
That neither my doctor
Nor my dentist
Is working for the Government,
So I pay 6s. 2d. a week to the
Government
And I pay for my teeth
And my spectacles,
As well,
In the usual way.

A THIRD THOUGHT

I am so much discouraged by the taxes
That it is not in my heart
To write on the tablets to-day.
What is the use?
The Government
Will take away
What I earn,
Or much of it,
Perhaps most of it—
One cannot tell.
But the more I write on the tablets
The more the Government will take.
It must follow, then,
By the laws of reason,
That the less I write on the tablets
The better I shall be.
They say to me:
"But surely

You do not write on the tablets
For a money reward only?
You enjoy your labours,
You like to give pleasure,
And you are fortunate:
For you are able to say
What is in your heart
To the people,
While many men, more wise and
good,
Having no tablets,
Live to a great age
And die unknown,
Without saying
A single word
To the people."
All this
Is very true.
Nevertheless, I am so much dis-
couraged by the taxes
That it is not in my heart
To write on the tablets to-day.
"But then,"
They say to me,
"You should be glad
That by writing on the tablets
You can earn money
To give to the Government,
So that the Government
May give free teeth
And free spectacles
To those less fortunate,
Or less industrious."
All this
Is very true:
And how glad I should be,
If I could keep what I earn,
To give teeth
And spectacles
To the deserving ones about me!
I should dwell in a great castle,
And every Friday

Summon the people
From the village below.
"If any of you,"
I would say nobly,
"Have no teeth,
Or no spectacles,
Here you are!"
They would go away praising me
And singing songs.
That would be something like.

But, as things are,
I never see the good people
For whom my money
Is buying teeth
And spectacles.
Nor is it often
That I hear songs of praise
At the castle gates
From the grateful recipients
Of teeth
And spectacles.
On the contrary—
But we will not
Go into that now.
All I know is
That I keep on receiving
Insulting demands
(With menaces)
For money
From some hired person
In the Government House:
And it annoys me.
I love to benefit
My fellow-men:
But I hate to think
I am being funny for the
Government.
You will understand, then,
Stranger,
Why it is not in my heart
To write on the tablets to-day.

A. P. H.

○ ○

My Star, the Gull

THIS article is a mixture of prose and a little not prose, because it was originally intended to consist entirely of verse. I was sorry to find, however, that I could manage only one verse, although I still had a good deal left to say. The question then arose: Should I start off with the verse and get it over, or should I keep it for later?

Readers will probably have observed by now that I decided to keep it for later, partly because I felt my verse needed some introduction. I shall now proceed to introduce it. The verse, then, refers to the famous B.B.C. seagull, and is prompted by our recent professional association. I have long regarded this renowned and

talented bird with admiration and respect, but little did I ever dream that one day it would be cast for a part in a work of my own! Yet this is what happened a week or two ago. Fellow-fans of the artist will appreciate how honoured I felt. I immediately resolved to celebrate the occasion in poetry, to which we now come.

TO A SEAGULL

Bird of the wireless, blithesome and tireless,
Sweet be thy matins on Home and on Light.
How thy glorious lay doth enliven a play!
Oft have I heard thee far into the night.

A second verse, which involved a slight but rather tricky change of form, was designed to begin thus:

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud.

I then made the unfortunate discovery that Shelley had already made use of those very lines in discussing another bird—to wit, the skylark. I still feel they are more applicable to the bird of my choice than of Shelley's, but having looked up "plagiarism" in the dictionary, just to make sure, I resolved to abandon poetry and get back to prose, in which medium, to be frank, I usually feel slightly more at home.

People more concerned with my

radio production than with my poetry may now ask what part the seagull played, and the answer is, it played a seagull. The scene was not the Thames Embankment, it may surprise listeners and readers to learn, nor was it a particularly rock-bound coast. The scene of my play—if it is not exaggerating the significance of my work to call it a play when it ran for slightly under three minutes and was fitted into a half-hour of light entertainment—the scene, I repeat, was a desert island.

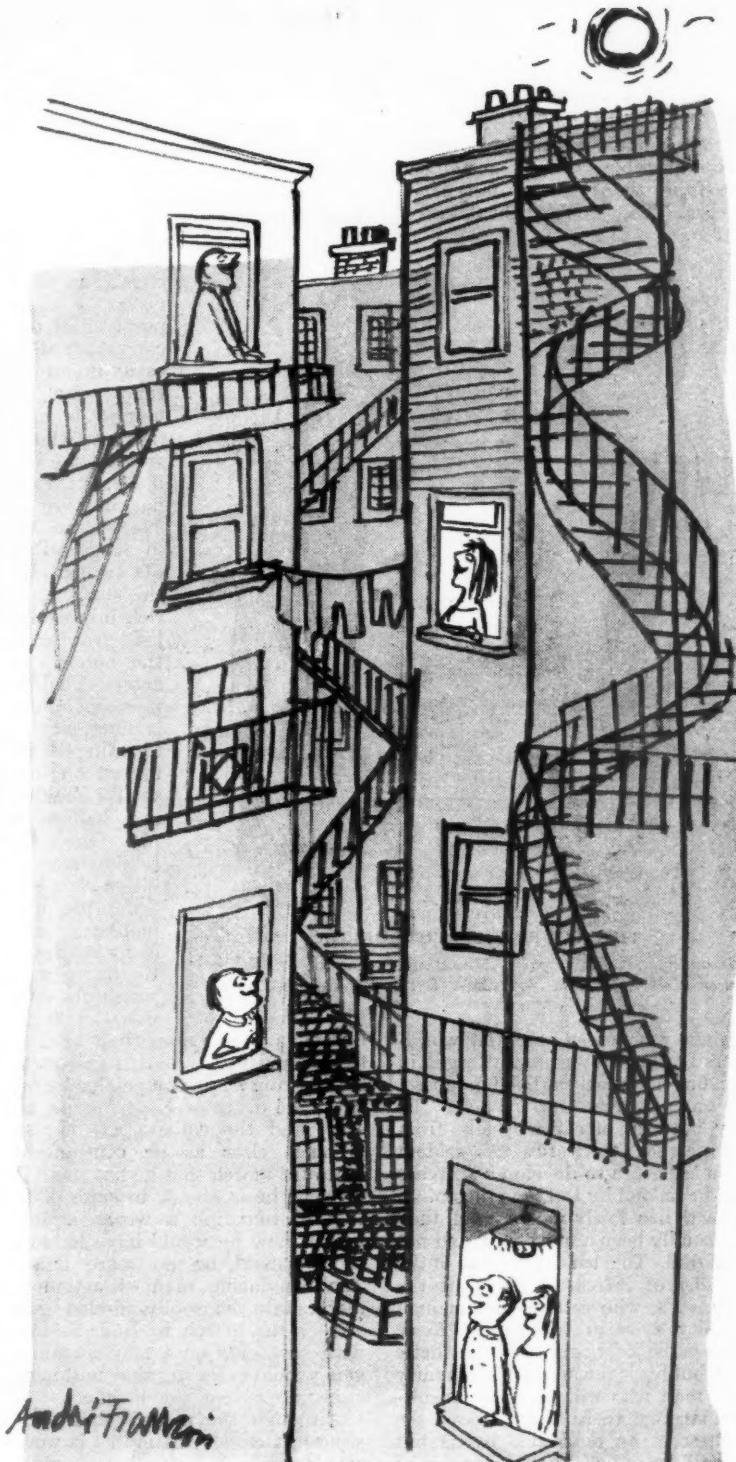
Myself, I was at a loss how to convey this over the radio. At first I thought of inserting an illuminating stage-direction—"The noise of coconuts dropping from palm-trees is heard," or "Landcrabs sidle along the beach." After that I considered adapting Shakespeare to my purpose and taking for my opening speech Rosalind's line, "Well, this is the forest of Arden," substituting "desert island" for "forest of Arden." This, however, would have meant being compelled to recognize Shakespeare as a collaborator, and when a play runs something under three minutes it is rather hard to have to share the credit with another playwright.

Luckily, the experienced B.B.C. solved the whole thing beautifully by crashing a little surf and using their seagull. I had not been expecting this, and I was filled with joy and pride when I heard my long-revered favourite actually playing in a work of my own. Such condescension was overwhelming in a bird that had taken the title rôle in a Tchekov masterpiece.

I at once wrote the gull some fan-mail. It seemed the least I could do. The fan-mail consisted of a letter in which, to show my love of poetry—a love that must have been apparent throughout this article—I respectfully asked the gull if I should call it bird or but a wandering voice? I assured the gull it had completely expressed my own conception of the character it had portrayed, and I closed with my humble good wishes for a long and distinguished theatrical career.

To this letter I have so far had no answer.

I am now engaged in writing something rather more weighty—with incidental music I think it ought to play the best part of three and a half minutes—with a meatier part for the gull. I suppose you might call it a starring vehicle. It is always good for a playwright to get himself associated with a particular actor. My scene this time will be the deck of a Cornish fishing-smack. I hope the gull can manage dialect.



"What a lovely day!"

At the Play

Adventure Story (ST. JAMES'S)—*Caroline* (ARTS)—*Latin Quarter* (LONDON CASINO)—*Foxhole in the Parlor* (NEW LINDSEY)

MR. TERENCE RATTIGAN has made a brave attempt to do the next-to-impossible, to get sustained drama from the rise and fall of a conqueror. The trouble, theatrically

This play—a costume piece in modern idiom—seems to me a brilliant failure. It fails because its central character peters out into a pathetic young man who has bitten off more of the world than he can mentally chew, and whose power—drunk perplexities we can match all too easily in our own times; but the margin is much narrower than it would have been if Mr. RATTIGAN had not brought exceptional skill in stagecraft to his treatment of the story, and a rich invention to his drawing of the minor characters. Their impact on *Alexander* is much more interesting than his impact on them, yet for about the first half of the play the dizzy fulfilment of ambition succeeds in firing the imagination.

Alexander is a romantic figure in his youthful determination to show

himself a better man than his hated father, and the impudent gallantry of his first campaigns compels excitement. After the death of *King Darius*, however, and the collapse of Persia, it becomes clear as he continues his eastward march that he has small idea of what he is about, in spite of high talk of founding a world-empire in which (how he would have hated it!) there should be no more fighting. The convincing man of action now merges into the woolly-minded egotist, and as the march to India is traced with spotlights on a map-curtain one gets a sinking feeling that nothing can stop him except the Pacific.

Although the play is episodic, its scenes fit closely, bound as it were in the covers of a prologue and an epilogue in which *Alexander* lies dying and wondering where his life went wrong. There are a number of

beautifully contrived situations, none better than those between *Alexander* and the captured *Queen Mother* of Persia, for whom he discovers a filial love. His marriage with a chieftain's daughter who speaks no Greek is charming, and the scene where he pleads with his friend *Philotas*, who chooses to die rather than truckle to his growing despotism, is one of the most moving and dramatic in a play which is never short of good writing.

Produced with vigour and intelligence by Mr. PETER GLENVILLE, it has a cast which any dramatist might envy. Mr. PAUL SCOFIELD, coming to his first lead in the West End, fully justifies the big reputation he built up at Stratford. His acting of the long and difficult part of *Alexander* is extremely accomplished, and marred only by a mannerism in the upper ranges of his voice which gives an impression of affectation. With an actor of his distinction it is certainly nothing of the kind, but he would be still better without it. The tragic *Queen Mother* is exquisitely played by Miss GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES, Miss VERONICA TURLEIGH makes the *Priestess* at Delphi a lady of irony, Miss JOY PARKER gives a lovely little performance as the *Emperor's* bride, and Mr. ROBERT FLEMING is particularly good as the outspoken *Philotas*; while the distinguished company includes Mr. NICHOLAS HANNEN, Mr. CECIL TROUNCE, Mr. NOEL WILLMAN and Mr. WILLIAM DEVLIN.

Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM wrote of *Caroline*—originally called *The Unattainable*—that if he were a critic he might feel it his duty to point out that the play was really finished by the end of the first act. It's true this could stand amusingly on its own, but what a pity it would have been to miss the ingenuity with which Mr. MAUGHAM twists and retwists the notion that the sweets out of reach are the ones we most enjoy. The heroine and her faithful Dobbin, having longed for ten years to marry, are both appalled at the idea of change when eventually her husband dies and leaves her free; but they suffer from romantic friends, and their decision not to endanger a pleasant relationship is itself in danger until at length an unexpected stroke of fortune puts them back securely on their old footing. It is a beautifully made little comedy in which each situation perfectly caps the last. The dialogue has the speed and accuracy of match table-tennis, and the wit is still fresh. Produced at the Arts by Miss JOAN SWINSTEAD to advantage, the play makes a delightful diversion and



Adventure Story

THE COURTEOUS CONQUEROR

Alexander MR. PAUL SCOFIELD
Queen Mother of Persia MISS GWEN FFRANGCON-DAVIES

speaking, with most potential world-beaters is that they sound all right in action but not nearly so good in repose. They are the Great One-tracked. The heavy business of carving slabs from other peoples' territories has seldom left them leisure to develop as private individuals, and by the time the poison of power has fairly taken hold they have usually been a little mad, and not a little dull. This isn't quite true of the *Alexander* of *Adventure Story*, at the St. James's, who retains just enough humanity even in triumph to leave him capable of being a sympathetic figure, but his is the muddled humanity of the man who will make an unsuitable marriage to save his troops the slaughter of an avoidable battle but who will deny them the advantages of a night attack lest his own reputation might be thought to be earned too cheaply.

Although the play is episodic, its scenes fit closely, bound as it were in the covers of a prologue and an epilogue in which *Alexander* lies dying and wondering where his life went wrong. There are a number of

is acted as it should be by Miss NORA SWINBURNE and Mr. WYNDHAM GOLDIE as the harassed couple, Miss ALISON LEGGATT and Miss AMBROSINE PHILLPOTTS as the romantics, Mr. ESMOND KNIGHT as the resourceful doctor and Mr. IAN LUBBOCK as the useful young man with the two-seater. Highly recommended.

One of the things besides the Channel that separates us from the continent is our characteristic ruling that semi-naked ladies may appear on our stage on condition they resolutely pretend they are made of marble. Thus a sneeze in the back row of the chorus is sufficient to bring the shadow of Scotland Yard over an entire production. In this sense the first night of *Latin Quarter* at the London Casino passed off safely. The work of Mr. ROBERT NESBITT, this curiously synthetic entertainment presents a number of variety acts within the lush frame of the costliest kind of "art" French greetings card. No expense seems to have been spared to create a tourists' dream of incandescent gaiety; but such night life can be a powerful sedative and I waited vainly for a word of wit. Miss FRANCES DAY does her utmost for several dreary sketches of seduction, poor from every point of view; an American comic named Mr. JACK DURANT gasps grubby jests into a mike; and another named Mr. WILLIE SHORE dances nimbly but is too anxious to be funny. Much more use might have been made of the attractive singing of M. GEORGES GUÉTARY. The two best turns here, both very good indeed, are the eccentric dancing of three captivating young Frenchmen, LES CHARLIVELS, whose timing, rhythm and audacity seem to come from another planet, and a comic dancer from America, WALDO, who does a great many things with his legs which are demonstrably impossible.

Even for those who like variety wrapped up in silver paper the evening goes on far too long, a fact the Gallery was not slow to point out.

Miss ELSA SHELLEY's *Pick-Up Girl* was a sound, firm, little play based on accurate observation. In *Foxhole in the Parlor* (sic), however, now at the New Lindsey, she takes a header into the deep end of international disagreement and never really comes up again. She should not be blamed too much, for peace is an even thornier subject for the stage than war; but although there is plenty that is touching in her nerve-shattered G.I. trying desperately to get the message of his dead mate over to a conference-trotting senator, there

is nothing in the message with which we are not depressingly familiar, and the friends who welcome the returned G.I. are so silly that no intelligent discussion comes of it. What the play's idea boils down to is that war just mustn't be allowed to happen again, and that Christianity is the way out. Not many people on this side of the Iron Curtain would want to argue with that, but to be effective in the theatre it would need a far more cunning dramatic emphasis than Miss SHELLEY has given it. Mr. DIRK BOGARDE makes a creditable attempt to show the agonizing chaos in the young man's mind, and as his terrible sister, the acid drop of acid drops, Miss JOAN HICKSON is the most successful of the others.

ERIC.

○ ○

At the Ballet

MARIEMMA (PRINCES)

EXPERIENCE has made us wary of Spanish dancers, their sinuosities and stamping heels, their glarings at and savagings of their partners, their mastications of flowers, their shawls, fans and other impedimenta. But after we had been five minutes at the Princes Theatre the other evening the prickly hostility which the very sight of the word *fandango* invariably arouses in us had vanished like the morning dew, and by the end of the programme we would cheerfully have gone without supper if we could have seen it all over again.

The name of MARIEMMA, unknown to us before that evening, now conjures up memories of a whole gallery of people—people who belong to the world of Goya in his happy mood; the Goya who loved life and painted it with the same passionate intensity that he brought to his hatred of war and suffering and his bitter portrayal of them. Of the ferocious, satirical Goya there is no trace in his happy moods save a faintly sceptical detachment tempering the coquettish grace of his great ladies, his peasant girls, gypsies and lovers. And it is with this same elusive quality that MARIEMMA presents to us a fisher-girl from Andalusia, a peasant from Malaga



TIT-BITS FROM THE LATIN QUARTER

or an aristocrat from Almeria—with what grace, charm and subtlety we will not try to describe. Her every movement is a line of a living picture, a delicate stroke without which it will not be complete. Even her tongue has its part to play!

Only her voice has no part, but, believe it or not, her castanets speak for her. They never merely clatter. They question, they challenge, they insinuate, they persuade, sometimes they laugh softly and secretly. MARIEMMA's dresses too are works of art. There is a wonderful purple bead-embroidered peasant dress of Salamanca; a white dress with hundreds of little bright-green pom-poms that dance with her; an elfin bolero; a poem of white satin and crystals for a dreamy *barcarola* by ALBENIZ; a magnificent black dress for a dance-drama; and a dozen more there is not space to describe.

MARIEMMA is a dancer in the tradition of the great Argentina. Her phrasing, rhythm and execution are perfect, and in JOSÉ TOLEDANO and PACO FERNANDEZ she has two brilliant partners who dance *flamenco* dances with marvellous grace and speed. Her pianist, ENRIQUE LUZURIAGA, plays Spanish music to perfection, and gave us Granados' "The Lover and the Nightingale" as one rarely hears it. He, like the guitarist PACO DE LA ISLA, received an ovation. D. C. B.



"Disclaimer . . . We have been asked to make it clear that the William Shakespeare referred to in our issue of the 16th . . ."

Our Booking Office (By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

The Prince Consort

MR. ROGER FULFORD has found in *The Prince Consort* (MACMILLAN, 15/-) a subject which, though superficially less picturesque than George the Fourth, is really far more interesting from every standpoint, even the purely human. Mr. FULFORD does not suppress the Prince Consort's less attractive traits—his bouts of irritability, his stiff ungraciousness with strangers, and his German solemnity, which Mr. FULFORD illustrates by quoting the Prince's reflection at the close of his first visit to Italy. "His only comment," Mr. FULFORD writes, "after six months in the sunny land which had driven generations of Englishmen to the wildest excesses was, 'My sphere of observation has been doubled.'" But these were trivial blemishes in a very fine and also a very variously gifted nature. He was an excellent athlete, his chief diversions being shooting, swimming and hockey on the ice; and his prowess when he hunted with the Belvoir one day astounded the sportsmen of Leicestershire. Music gave him more happiness than anything else, and he had a feeling, if not a highly developed one, for pictures. Mr. FULFORD holds that his tastes were scholarly and artistic, and that he immersed himself in politics and practical affairs only to serve the Queen. Yet there seems much more than a mere sense of duty in the capacity with which he tackled matters as far apart as farming and university reform, military and naval defence and the condition of the poor. Certainly his relations with Victoria, as Mr. FULFORD shows, were warmed by affection as well as supported by duty.

H. K.

"Non fleo privatum, sed generale chaos."

"In the same fire," said St. Augustine, speaking of his catastrophic day, "gold gleams and chaff goes up in smoke." Mr. JACK LINDSAY, surveying the culture that persisted

throughout the break-up of the Roman Empire, surveys it historically: as conditioned by, and conditioning, material circumstances. Luckier than Augustine, he can watch the Latin genius persisting in Africa, Spain, Gaul and Ireland, while Rome crumbles; and discern the Middle Ages taking shape in a chaos that its poets mourned above their personal misfortunes. *Song of a Falling World* (DAKERS, 18/-) sees the poets—post-classic and pre-romantic, Pagan and Christian, from Phocas the Grammarian to Fortunatus the first troubadour—as the aureate link between Rome and the *civitas dei*, that mediæval City of God built by the "second Romulus" Christ. One regrets that the author's fine translations, many of them poems in their own right, should not have been faced with original texts where these are harder to come by than the *Pervigilium Veneris* and *Vexilla Regis*. This would have enhanced his book's already rare stimulation. It is a pity, too, that enthusiasm for Augustine is allowed (as usual) to overshadow Jerome; and that the latter's well-known caveat against women bathing is quoted while his magnificent tribute to the heroines of history—in a dedication to Paula and Eustochion—is not. A work so erudite needs, and deserves, an index.

H. P. E.

Strange Pastoral

The peculiar quality of the writing of M. JEAN GONO, a lyric intensity often expressed in an elliptic brevity of phrase, must be extremely difficult to transfer to another language; and Miss KATHERINE CLARKE is to be congratulated on the measure of her success. But in *Joy of Man's Desiring* (ROUTLEDGE, 12/6) there is a difficulty for the reader also. This resides in the nature of the young man Bobi, who, appearing without explanation on the Grémone plateau—in the heart of the High Provence which is M. GONO's particular territory—works so great a change in the inhabitants of that lonely upland: so that Jourdan, his host, plants narcissi where he had sown wheat and all his neighbours come to find their satisfaction in beauty rather than in gain. What manner of man is Bobi? He is human enough, no visitant from another world. Whence, then, his power? That remains an ambiguity to the end. What is not ambiguous is the extraordinary vividness with which M. GONO evokes the sights and sounds and odours, the very feel and the subtlest changes, of natural and rustic life. He is endowed with a sort of hyperesthesia which he conveys both to his characters and to his readers; and, without succumbing to the pathetic fallacy, he gives convincing consciousness not only to deer and bird but to tree and stream and cloud. Specific scenes, too, are memorably impressive in their impact: the great feast at Jourdan's, the rounding-up of the does, old Barbe at the loom, weaving the others into unison. This novel is in essence a poem, sometimes baffling but often magnificent.

F. B.

The Wives of Henry VIII

For the scholarly the chief interest of *The Love Letters of Henry VIII* (ALLAN WINGATE, 9/-) will be that it contains, through the courtesy of the Vatican Library authorities, facsimiles of seventeen letters written by Henry to Anne Boleyn, and purloined, it is not known how, and transmitted to Rome by Catholic agents. To the general reader this book, which is edited with a running commentary by Mr. HENRY SAVAGE, will afford a sympathetic and interesting, if somewhat haphazardly arranged, survey of Henry's six marriages. It is a mistake to think of Henry as a connubial connoisseur who spaced his experiments artistically over the whole of his manhood. Five

of his six marriages were packed into the last quarter of his life. The motives behind them were confused, and on the whole they brought no more satisfaction to Henry than to his partners. His first wife, Katherine of Arragon, seems to have been the only one that really loved him, and the concluding sentence in her farewell letter is very moving—"I make this vow, that mine eyes desire you above all things." But Anne Boleyn's last letter is still more moving because it expresses a far freer and prouder nature, undaunted by death and her husband's ungovernable rages. Henry's predominant emotion as the years and the wives passed was self-pity, and when Kathryn Howard's infidelities were discovered he burst into tears, "regretting his ill-luck in meeting with such ill-conditioned wives, and blaming his Council for this last mischief."

H. K.

A Philistine Exhumed

Mr. C. E. VULLIAMY, who operates so wittily in the field of bogus literary discovery, has happened on the papers of a fiery eccentric named Prodwit, recently deceased. Prodwit was a rum-soaked, arrogant, anti-clerical cynic, and having successfully published a number of books and formed in the process the lowest view of everyone even remotely connected with the trade of literature, he had decided to blow the gaff on its supposed difficulties and smooth the path of the beginner. *Prodwit's Guide to Writing* (MICHAEL JOSEPH, 8/6), edited by Mr. VULLIAMY, doesn't pull its punches. Its basic principle is not mere plagiarism, but a scientific lifting and refacing of plots, ideas and dialogue. ("Scissors," explains one of the apologetic notes signed "C. E. V.", "were included in a chapter on 'How to Use a Library.' I have omitted this chapter. I found it somewhat revolting.") Prodwit shows with trenchant examples just how this should be done, and goes on to demonstrate the ease with which impressive verse can be pieced together from single lines of Shakespeare. On the old problem of using living models he says: "The more exact your portrait is, the more venomous it is likely to be; and your victim is less willing to recognize or proclaim it as his or her own." Such a flexible formula gives Mr. VULLIAMY a fine chance to tilt satirically at reviewers, publishers, highbrows and the rest of us, and it must be admitted that he does so fairly amusingly; but the book suffers gravely from the fact that this particular tilt-yard is so well-trodden by the professional humorists, especially in the daily columns.

E. O. D. K.

A Book of Snobs

If ever there were a classless society the distinction of carving out a career and the degradation of being a careerist would presumably vanish together. To console us, perhaps, for a vanished Victorian Glasgow of unlimited commercial opportunity, Mr. GUY McCARONE paints a formidable picture of the Glaswegian snob of the era. *Aunt Bel* (CONSTABLE, 9/6) is not, one hastens to say, as ugly and unconvincing between his boards as she is on them. (Her "period" coiffure is, alas, incorrect; and the wrong kind of comb is set at the wrong angle.) Moreover there is enough accurate and pleasing portraiture throughout this, the second, volume of the author's trilogy to beguile the most ardent amateur of family sagas. Aunt Bel, married to a cheese-merchant, has never quite got over the fact that her farmer brother-in-law has secured a laird's daughter. She herself has supervised the matrimonial disposal of the younger Moorhouses, up to the point when an intransigent son produces an impossible fiancée. The

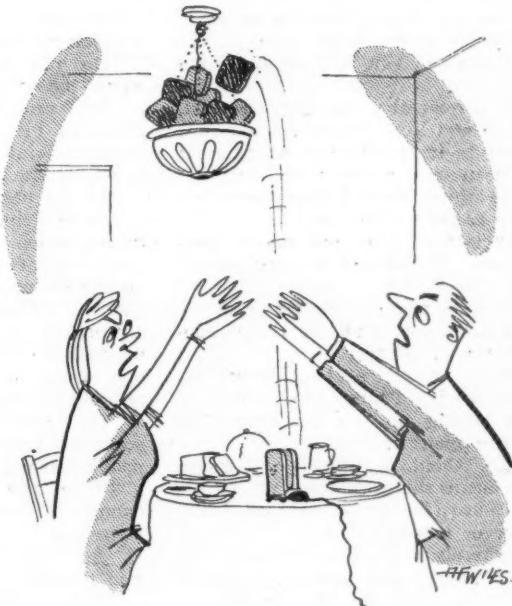
reactions of Capulet to Montague are chivalrous compared to those of Grosvenor Terrace and the tenement flat in Partick; but Mr. McCARONE's wizardry can be counted upon to see his heroine safely past the lady who doubles the parts of Bel and the Dragon.

H. P. E.

A Nice Young Man

Whether the reader votes Tod Drake, through whose eyes we look at the world in *By Auction* (HUTCHINSON, 10/6), a nice young man or a ninny will depend somewhat on the reader's own temperament; and even those who are on the ninny side of the argument may perhaps blame his creator, Mr. DENIS MACKAIL, for giving that impression by a shade of coyness in writing rather than any intrinsic defect in the young man's character. Indeed, Tod's thoughts are so often the very thoughts that most of us think in similar circumstances that one is inclined to rate him, in spite of everything, as a very convincing and rather lovable creation. His story is told in a series of what we now call flash-backs framed in the events of the day on which he has to watch the selling up of the contents of the old home of his family. Here he himself had been painlessly brought up by an autocratic grandmother who adored his elder brother to the exclusion of every other claim. Brother and grandmother, in life, far outran the fleetest constable, and it is now Tod's dreary duty to meet the debts of the deceased by an "auction on the premises." Here come old friends, acquaintances, strangers, dealers, members of the family. The doings of the auction in the big marquee—and very funny some of them are—mingle with Tod's memories of the past and with a fragrant little story of faithful love which rounds out the novel and brings it to a happy ending. A water-colour of a book, perhaps, but a very charming one.

B. E. S.



"There it goes again."



"I told you there was nothing in it—just rub two sticks together and there you are."

I Galluped, Theodore Galluped, We Galluped All Three.

IT was a Mass Observer or some such, so we asked him to sit down and lent him our collective ear.

"You remember the war," he said, and we said Yes. "Well, it's like this. We are trying to find out, now that it has been over a few years, whether people think they learned anything really useful in the war."

"Certainly," said my sister Alexandrina. "I learned to play piquet, for a start."

"I really meant," the Observer explained, "as a result, or direct consequence, of the war."

"Why, yes," said Alexandrina. "That's what I mean too. While we were boiling up the tea before the canteen opened . . ."

"No," said my brother Auguste. "He means things that you practically had to learn because of your job." The Observer looked pleased. "I myself, for example, learned that Vitamin A—or C? No, A—puts more visual purple in the corn—in the retina—in the eye, and that halibut liver oil therefore increases night-blindness. I mean decreases."

He looked smugly at the Observer, who looked back at him doubtfully.

"Do you find that really useful now?" he asked Auguste.

"No," said Auguste, having visibly stretched his imagination almost to bursting-point. "I see what you mean," he added graciously.

"I suspect, myself," said the Observer, "that the whole thing is the upshot of some rather wild talk on the part of one of our Senior Observers who holds that most people went through the war without learning anything of a practical and useful nature at all. A provocative statement, possibly, but one, I am beginning to think, not entirely without justification."

"Oh, come," said Theodore (Alexandrina's husband). "Quite a lot of people learned to drive jeeps."

"True," the Observer agreed, readily enough. "But do most of them drive jeeps now?"

"Ah," said Theodore. "I see what you mean."

"That makes two," said the Observer.

"Two what?"

"Two people who see what I mean."

I drew myself up with one hand. "Three," I corrected him. "I also see what you mean."

"Thank you," said the Observer, and continued to look at me with the sceptical eye of the trained scrutineer. After a minute or two I realized that I was on my mettle, where he had put me. It occurred to me that I was in a position to give the fellow something for his notebook.

"The war taught me," I said, in the hollow tones of an oracle, "perhaps the most generally useful thing that civilized man could possibly learn. There came to me, and all in the natural way of duty, a piece of information that mankind has sought in vain for years and years. If not longer," I added, warming to my theme.

"He is warming to his theme," my sister Gloriana explained.

"You discovered something?" the Observer inquired, licking his pencil hopefully.

"I discovered," I replied, "the antidote—nay, since I suffered acutely from it before the war, the cure—for rheumatism."

"Ah," said the Observer, and I

thought I detected a non-committal note in his voice.

"Go on," said Auguste. "Tell him what it was."

"Sleeping in wet grass," I said, and with, so far as my experience goes, perfect truth.

The Observer unlicked his pencil.

"You find that useful?" he inquired politely.

"Useful!" I exclaimed. "Such a boon as that! Did you ever see an infantryman with rheumatism? Did you even hear of one? Why, it is to be classed among the really great discoveries of modern times."

"You had it before the war?" asked the Observer.

"A martyr to it," I replied.

"And not during the war?"

"Never. Not a creak."

"Do you get it now?"

"Well, yes, it is beginning to come back again, very slightly."

"But of course you have a cure for it now."

"How do you mean?" I asked, not quite getting the drift of all this investigation.

"Well," he said, "when you have an attack of rheumatism do you go out and spend a night in the wet grass?"

I looked out of the window before replying, to where the east wind was lashing the sleet across the frozen surface of a puddle with the oddest effect.

"No," I said. "I don't. But then it happens that I prefer to have rheumatism."

"He sees what you mean," said Theodore, in the voice that makes me

wish I had forbidden him to marry into the family.

"I tell you what," said Hereward (Gloriana's husband), who hitherto, from sheer boredom, had taken no part in the conversation, "let us all consider carefully in silence for a couple of minutes what was the most useful thing that we learned out of the war, and then give the answers one at a time to our syndicate officer—I mean to our friend the Observer."

"What an intelligent idea!" said Alexandrina.

"Isn't it?" said Hereward. "I can't think where I got it from," and returned to his small collection of newspapers in pastel shades.

We were silent. You could have heard a clock tick.

"Well . . ." said the Observer at length.

"I," said Theodore, "learned how to light a fire with wet wood in the rain and to cook rice inside a bamboo."

"You are on leave from Eastern parts?" the Observer inquired courteously. "The Burma Forest Department perhaps?"

"No," said Theodore. "I am a professional pianist."

"I," said Auguste, "learned how to shave without a looking-glass and how to prevent blisters on the foot. I am a director of the Bank of England," he added hopelessly (and untruthfully): he is a journeyman tallow-chandler.

"I know how to pronounce Myitkyina and Kiev," I offered, but I knew from the beginning that this was not what was wanted.

"I learned that bacon fries in its own fat," said Gloriana with an air

of modest triumph. This reminded Alexandrina of something, and she interrupted with a little cry.

"I," she boasted, "learned how to fry an egg on both sides."

So apparently it was a woman's war after all. But the Observer was pressing on relentlessly, if without apparent hope. His eye was fixed speculatively on Hereward, who was scowling over the prospects for Easter Monday at Wincanton.

"No good looking at him," said Auguste. "He was in the Navy. Practically never speaks. Besides, he was in submarines. How could you learn anything useful in a submarine?"

Hereward shifted his scowl to the Observer.

"Five more or less grown-up people," he remarked dispassionately, "who between them, in five—six—years of more or less active service learned how to fry both sides of an egg! I am not eggophagous, so that even that would be of no use to me. Shall I tell you what my service afloat taught me—something that performs the useful and entirely admirable function of giving me pleasure and enjoyment just so often as I care to think of it?"

"I am agog," said the Observer, licking his pencil again.

"Very well," said Hereward. "You know what a galley chimney looks like? A tin pipe with a little hat on top?"

"You mean a stovepipe?"

"Yes. Thank you. Well, I learned that in the Navy that is known as a 'Charlie Noble.'"

He beamed happily at the Observer, who folded his notebook, like a policeman, and stole silently away.

Nature Walk for Forty

MISS JUDD says we may all have a great treat to-day and go out for a lovely walk to see the trees. Yes, John, I dare say you have seen them, but this is rather different. We are going for a nature walk to learn the names of the trees, and to see if we can find any buds and leaves. Won't that be lovely?

When we're all sitting properly I shall choose two sensible children for leaders. What are you doing under the desk, Michael?

He's what, John?

EATING!

Bring it here, Michael. What a nasty, messy orange! Put it on a piece of paper on the cupboard and don't let it happen again. Eating indeed! I never heard of such a thing!

Well, now, let me see who looks bright and sensible. I can't say you do, Reggie. Close your mouth, dear, and breathe through your nose. Like this.

No, dear, LIKE THIS.

All breathe in. Yes, well——!

Before we go we'll have handkerchief drill. Hold up handkerchiefs. Not many this morning, I'm afraid. Hands up those who have forgotten them. Anna, give out the paper ones.

Right, now let's try again. Breathe in. And out. In and out. Much better. Handkerchiefs away.

Pat and Elsie, come to the door. You shall be leaders to-day. Walk very nicely and stop when I tell you, otherwise the back children won't be able to keep up.

The rest of you come out quietly.

QUIETLY!

Go back again and sit down.

If there's that dreadful fuss again WE DON'T GO for this lovely walk!

Very quietly, creep out like mice.

Much better. Hold hands with your partner.

Lead on, Pat and Elsie, to the cloak-rooms. If you have Wellingtons put them on, it is rather wet in the road.

Can't you tie up laces yet, Peter? Yes, I know you can, John, and you, Pat, and you, Julia. Help him with his shoes, Julia.

Anyone else who wants help with laces?

Who is ready? Stand by the wall in a nice line, and don't push, Michael. Hurry up in there, you others, or we shan't get out to-day.

Who tied up Peter's shoes? Well, surely you could see he had them on the wrong feet? Change them over, Peter.

Whose Wellington is this? No name, of course. Children, you must ask your mummies to put your names in your Wellingtons.

You WHAT, Richard?

You TOLD your mummy she'd GOT to?

Then I don't blame her for not doing it? GOT to, indeed!

I'm sure I didn't say anything of the sort. Ask your mummies if they would be kind enough to put your names in, that's what I said, Richard.

Everyone look! Eyes to the front! Eyes on this Wellington!

Now, whose is it?

It must belong to someone!

Are you sure it's Reggie's? Where is he? Has he gone out there with only one Wellington on? Peter, run and tell him to hurry and ask him if he's lost a Wellington.

The rest of you stand nicely and listen to me.

We're going to walk down the school road and up the chestnut avenue. Leaders, wait at the gate until I tell you to lead on.

Come along, Reggie and Peter, hold hands at the end and don't straggle. Off you go, leaders.

Look where you are going, children, don't turn your heads round this way or you'll trip over.

There now, Pat, you should look in front.

What a beautiful sunny morning! Wait, leaders, WAIT!

Leaders, you must listen, or we shall all be strung out for miles.

Now, this big tree is an oak tree. Do you know what grows on it later on? Yes, leaves of course. What else?

No, not apples, nor plums. Think again. That's right, Anna, acorns. Do you remember we made some little men with acorns and pins last autumn? Look again at the oak tree.

Right, lead on. Don't rush so, leaders, wait at the next lamp-post. Hurry up, Reggie and Peter, keep up with the others.

Stop again, leaders, here is another tree. It had some pretty pink flowers on it a little while ago. Do you know its name?

No, not a rose. A rose has prickles.

An almond tree. It will have nuts in the autumn, won't that be lovely?

Oh, here comes the milkman and his horse. Don't touch it, Julia, it may not like children. Oh, he does, milkman? Good, may we give him a bunch of grass? Not all of you. We'll choose someone nice. Jane, would you like to feed him?

Of course he's not a mad horse, Michael. What on earth makes you say that? Because of the froth round his mouth? Don't be silly, that froth is only, well—froth.

That will do, then, Jane, wipe your hand, dear.

Jane, dear, not all down your new coat! Where's your hanky? Take mine. Say good-bye to the horse,

children, but don't shout so. You will deafen it.

Lead on to the chestnut avenue. Look at these lovely sticky buds. I'll pick some for the classroom. Can you see the horse-shoe marks on the stem? Don't all push. Stand in line and I will let you all see in turn. These beautiful twigs grew on the horse-chestnut tree.

Stand still, children! Listen!

Good heavens, the children are out at play already!

All turn! Reggie and Peter, you can be leaders. We shall have to hurry back and have our milk after play to-day.

Step out, children. Don't tread on the child's heels in front, Michael, it is most painful.

If we meet Miss Judd we shall be able to tell her we've seen an oak tree, an almond tree and a horse-chestnut tree, shan't we?

And I hope you'll all know which is which!

• •

I Wonder . . .

I OFTEN play, when I'm alone,
Bird-song upon my gramophone.
It therefore caused me some distress
To read a letter in the press
In which my neighbour, Mrs. Thing,
Claimed to have heard the cuckoo sing
One afternoon in early March.
Was she, I wonder, being arch
Or wholly innocent when she
Concluded: "This must surely be
A record."



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A circular advertisement for Rayner's Lembar. Inside the circle, two bottles of Lembar are shown: a smaller bottle labeled 'Invalid Lembar' and a larger bottle labeled 'Beverage Lembar'. The text 'You're not seeing double' is repeated twice around the bottles. Below the circle, a small paragraph describes the two types of Lembar, mentioning they are from chemists and grocers respectively. The brand name 'RAYNER'S Lembar' is prominently displayed, followed by the text 'Invalid Lembar from Chemists only. Beverage Lembar from Grocers and Wine Merchants.'

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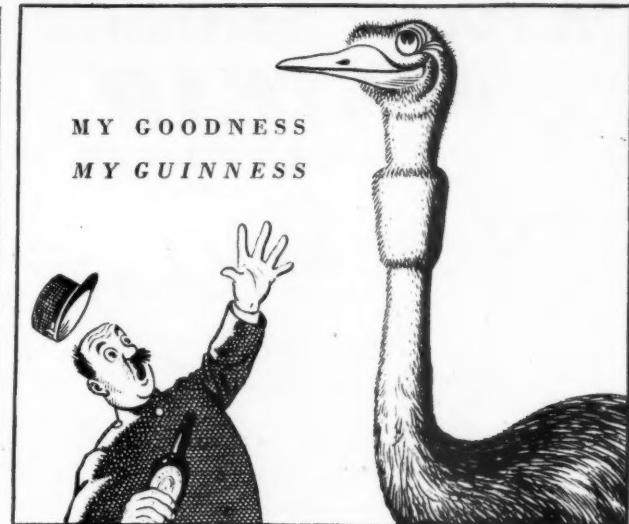


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G.E. 1464.C

A black and white advertisement for Crosse & Blackwell soups. It features a smiling man holding a bowl of soup and a can of 'CROSSE & BLACKWELL MEAT SOUP'. The text 'Come on kids THIS IS YOUR FAVOURITE SOUP!' is written in a stylized font. The C&B logo is visible on the man's shirt and the soup can. The brand name 'CROSSE & BLACKWELL' is printed in large, bold letters, followed by 'SOUPS THAT NOURISH' and a list of soup varieties: 'MIXED VEGETABLE, MOCK TURTLE, MULLIGATAWNY, MEAT, SCOTCH BROTH, TOMATO, CREAM OF MUSHROOM'.

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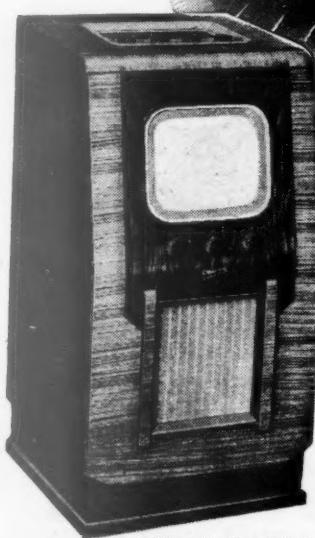
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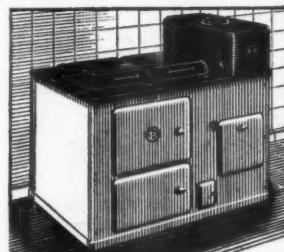
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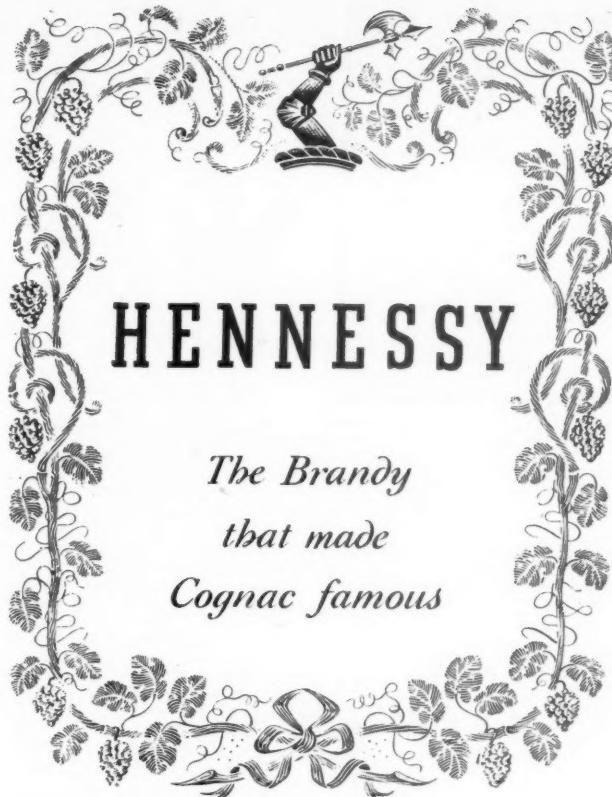
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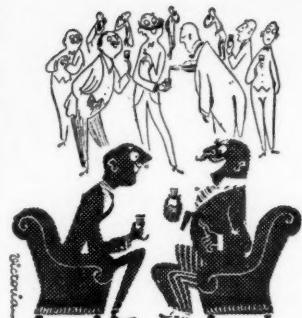
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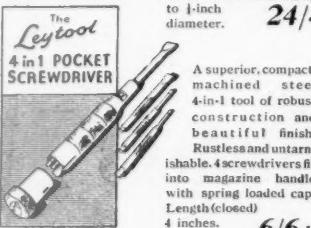


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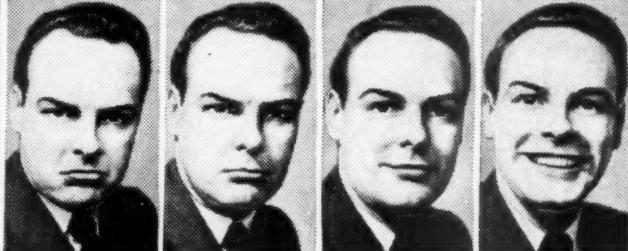
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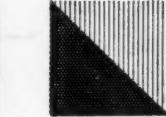
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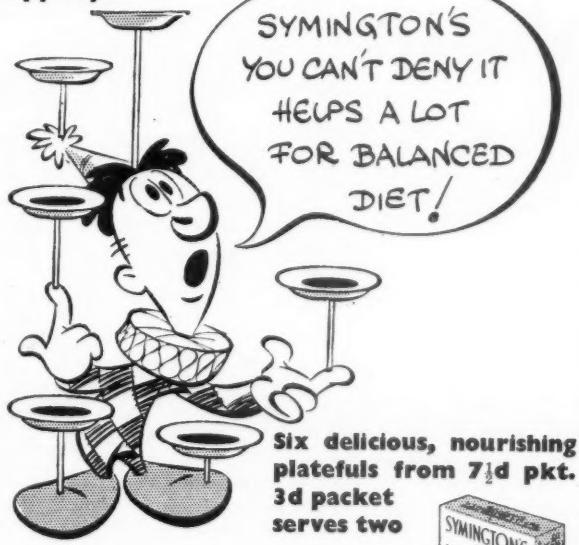
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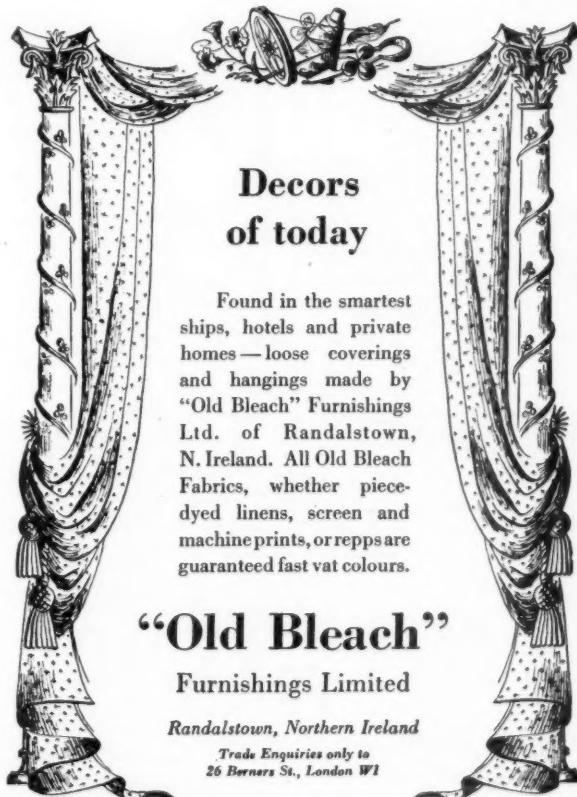


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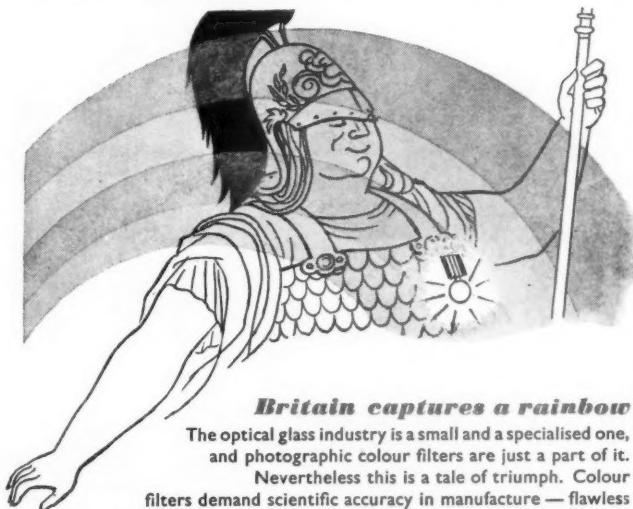
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